THE AMERICAN WAY IN WAR . . . By D. W. Brogan

THE Saturday Review OF LITERATURE

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by Hilary St. George Saunders
Reviewed by Hal Borland

"WHAT MANNER OF MAN?"
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by Caroline Miller
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"WILSON"
A Review of the Film
by Edgar G. Sisson

STRICTLY PERSONAL
by David L. Cohn

—*Drawing by Frances O'Brien Garfield*

HILARY ST. GEORGE SAUNDERS: "Throughout my long journey I never met a bored American." . . . (See page 7)

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The Saturday Review of Literature

The American Way in War

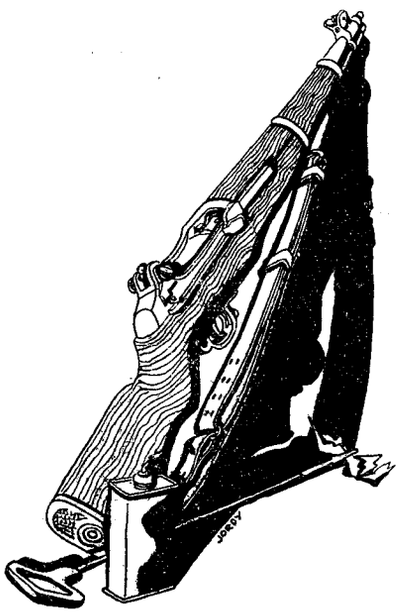
A Distinguished English Critic Examines Our Fighting Machine

D. W. BROGAN

EDITOR'S NOTE: The Saturday Review *this week features a preview of a book and a review of a book, both of which are concerned with English impressions of America and Americans. The preview, which follows directly, is from Mr. Brogan's forthcoming book, "The American Character." In the opinion of the editors, this book will invite favorable comparison with "The American Commonwealth," by the late Lord Bryce. Mr. Brogan is a member of the London School of Economics, and is a graduate of the University of Glasgow, Oxford University, and Harvard University, where he received his Master's degree in American history. He is the author of "The English People," (1943), and "The American Political System," (1933). The following article, which appears here by arrangement with the publishers, Alfred A. Knopf, consists of excerpts from the two last chapters of "The American Character." Immediately following this preview is a review of "Pioneers! O Pioneers!," by Hilary St. George Saunders.*

A COUNTRY has the kind of army its total ethos, its institutions, resources, habits of peaceful life, make possible to it. The American army is the army of a country which is law-respecting without being law-abiding. It is the army of a country which, having lavish natural wealth provided for it and lavish artificial wealth created by its own efforts, is extravagant and wasteful. It is the army of a country in which melodramatic pessimism is often on the surface but below it is the permanent optimism of a people that has licked a more formidable enemy than Germany or Japan, primitive North America. It is the army of a country whose national motto has been "root, hog, or die." When convinced that death is the alternative, the hog roots. It is the army of an untidy country which has neither the time, the temperament, nor the need for economy. It is the army of a country in which great economic power is often piled up for sudden use; a final decisive military blow is merely a special variety of "corner." It is the army of a country of gamblers who are more or less phlegmatic in taking and calculating their losses, but who feel with all their instincts that they can never go wrong over a reasonable period of time in refusing to sell America short.

So the American way of war is bound to be like the American way of life. It is bound to be mechanized like the American farm and kitchen (the farms and kitchens of a lazy people who want washing machines and bulldozers to do the job for them). It is the army of a nation of colossal business enterprises, often wastefully run in detail, but winning by their mere scale and by their ability to wait until that scale tells. It is the army of a country where less attention is paid than in any other society to formal dignity, either of persons or of occupations, where results count, where being a good loser is not thought nearly so important as being a winner, good or bad. It is the country where you try anything once, *especially* if it has not been tried before. It is a country that naturally infuriates the Germans with their pedantry and their pathological conception of "honor." It is a country that irritates the English with their passion for surface fidelity to tradition and good form. It is the country of such gadget-minded originals as Franklin and Ford. It is a country whose navy, fighting its first battles a century and a half after it could boast of Paul Jones, recovered from a great initial disaster and taught the heirs of Togo with what speed the heirs of Decatur and Farragut could back out of their corners, fighting. The Coral Sea, Midway, these are dates for the world to remember along with the new Thermopylae of the Marines at Wake Island or the new Bloody Angle of Tarawa. It is a country—and so an army—used to long periods of incubation of great railroads and great victories. It is the army of a people that took a long time to get from the Atlantic to the Pacific and that found the French and the Spaniards and the Russians before them. But they got there and stayed. The two hundred and fifty years from Virginia to California, like the four years from Washington to Richmond, must be remembered by us—and the Germans. That General Washington, after six years of barely holding his own, combined with the French fleet to capture a British army as easily as taking a rabbit in a snare—that is to be remembered too, for it was a matter not of fighting but of careful timing, of logistics.



THAT typical Western soldier and adventurer, Sam Houston, waiting patiently until the Mexicans had rushed on to deliver themselves into his hands at San Jacinto—that is to be remembered. It is not Custer foolhardy and dramatic with his long hair and his beard who is the typical Indian fighter, but great soldiers like Sherman and Sheridan planning from St. Louis or Chicago the supplying of frontier posts, the concentration of adequate force. The Indian chiefs Joseph and Rain-in-the-Face were often artists in war

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Mopping up in Hollandia. Two U. S. infantrymen search for Japanese snipers in the jungle surrounding a Japanese food dump.

at least on a level with Rommel. But to the Americans war is a business, not an art; they are not interested in moral victories, but in victory. No great corporation ever successfully excused itself on moral grounds to its stockholders for being in the red; the United States is a great, a very great, corporation whose stockholders expect (with all their history to justify the expectation) that it will be in the black. Other countries, less fortunate in position and resources, more burdened with feudal and gentlemanly traditions, richer in national reverence and discipline, can and must wage war in a very different spirit.

But look again at the cast-iron soldier of the Civil War memorial. A few years before, he was a civilian in an overwhelmingly civil society; a few years later he was a civilian again in a society as civilian as ever, a society in which it was possible to live for many years without ever seeing a professional soldier at all, in which 25,000 soldiers, mainly in the Indian country, were invisible among fifty million people minding their own business. Such a nation cannot "get there fustest with the mostest." It must wait and plan till it can get there with the mostest.

This recipe has never yet failed, and Berlin and Tokio realize, belatedly, that it is not going to fail this time—that in a war of machines it is the height of imprudence to have provoked the great makers and users of machines and, in a war of passions, to have awakened, slowly but more and more effectively, the passions of a people who hitherto have fought only one war with all their strength (and that, a civil war), but who can be induced by their enemies, not by their friends, to devote to the task of making the world tolerable for the United States that tenacity, ingenuity, and power of rational calculation which decided between 1861 and 1865 that there should be a United States which would twice crush the hopes of a nation of military professionals, to whom war is an art and a science, to be lovingly cultivated in peace and practised in war.

For Americans, war is almost all of the time a nuisance, and military skill a luxury like mah-jongg. But when the issue is brought home to them, war becomes as important, for the necessary period, as business or sport. And it is hard to decide which is likely to be the more ominous for the Axis—an American decision that this war is sport, or that it is business.

* * *

THE American problem is the problem of all free peoples in the modern world. It is the problem of how to extend some of the loyalty, the vigilance, the energy of national life to the world in which the national society has to live and whose peace, order, and development are more and more essential conditions of the good life of all national societies, of British, Russian, and American.

A generation ago, this problem seemed much easier of solution than it can seem today. It was then possible to believe that the kind of devotion and energy which the nation-state had evoked could be transferred, without serious loss in transit, to a new world community, whether that world community was interpreted in terms of class, race, religion, or the whole mass of good will. But we have seen the failure of all such simple solutions; the failure of the Second and the Third Internationals; of the international authority of the Catholic Church; of the international conspiracy of the Third Reich. Only a small number of men and women in any society are prepared to do for *any* international body what most men and women do, without hesitation, for their national society. Millions of Catholics fight against millions of Catholics; hundreds of thousands of Germans recruited from communist sections of the German population fight to the death against Russian soldiers stirred to heroic resistance by the memory of old Russian wars. How comparatively few in numbers and energy are the Quislings who serve the Third Reich or the communist zealots who serve the Third International!

In this there is nothing to surprise us. What should surprise us is the success with which tens of millions of men have been led to feel a common tie that holds them to the point of death. The great nation-state is the phenomenon to be explained, not the failure of that nation-state to merge in a world community. And every nation-state is the result of a long historical process that has marked its people profoundly, in the course of which that people has come into being, united within itself and to some degree necessarily insulated against the outside world. The American people has been so made in a historical experience whose outlines I have tried to describe. Necessarily that historical experience has created the state of mind that I have called "natural isolationism." A nation, like an individual, cannot do everything at once; it cannot care deeply for everything at once, or learn all habits at the same time. It must practise a certain avarice of the emotions, an economy of political and social techniques.

The critical period in the life of a national society comes when it has to learn new habits, acquire new emotional attitudes, possibly unlearn some old lessons, forget some old and once useful habits. Such necessary change is painful for an individual and for a people. The cost of the necessary adaptation is very great. It means personal risk, personal discomfort, personal stock-taking. It means, at the present moment, exile for millions of Americans just when they were beginning to be completely at home in their own country. They do not like it. Who would? Two thousand years ago, Virgil, the poet of a comparable crisis, asked:

"At nos hinc alii sitientis ibimus Afros,
pars Scythiam et rapidem veniemus Oaxen

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et penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos,
en umquam patrios longo post tempore finis,
pauperis et tuguri congestum caespite culmen
post aliquot, mea regna videns, mirabor aristas?"

The American soldier, you see, is, like Melibœus, asking himself why he has to go off to Africa and Australia and endure life among the stand-offish Britons. He wants to know how soon he can hope to get back from England or the Solomons to Iowa or Indiana or New York and see the corn again—whether that corn be real or a metaphor for a tenement in the Bronx. He knows—and often feels—what he is fighting *against* (much more clearly in the case of Japan than in the case of Germany). He knows much less and feels much less what he is fighting *for;* the American way of life does not seem to him to be in much danger. In this he is like other people. The English people did not wake up till the very last moment of most urgent danger; other peoples did not wake up, in time, at all. No nation has so far really asked itself or asked its leaders what Lincoln in 1858 asked his audience:

"If we would first know where we are and whither we are tending, we could better judge what to do and how to do it. . . . 'A house divided against itself cannot stand.' I believe this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved; I do not expect the house to fall; but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing, or all the other."

Lincoln was speaking against a kind of internal isolationism, against a belief that a great internal cleavage, tolerable, practically if not morally, in an earlier and far less integrated stage in American history, could continue to be tolerable when railways had brought two different societies into close, competitive neighborhood and had accelerated the growth of two very different societies. The consequence of failure to face the problem of the house divided was the Civil War—a crude and expensive way of settling a problem that could *perhaps* have been settled otherwise. Historical analogies, though always dangerous, are often valuable, too, and from Lincoln we can at least learn the need for patience and the need for candor, the need for doing what can be done and for not letting all possible good things be the enemy of realizing one good.

The house must cease to be divided if we are to prevent one of the ice ages of history from coming upon us. But it will have to be a house of many mansions, not an enormous room where bored and frightful prisoners regret the varied life they have known.

The American problem is the British problem, the French problem, the Polish problem: the reconciliation of real national autonomy, of real national tradition, with the needs of a new world society. There is no hope at all in creating a world society whose unity is to be bought at the cost of sacrificing what the nations (the only communities that now exist) have painfully learned about themselves. Each nation will have its own handicaps to overcome, but this is given by the nature of the case. The American people can contribute to the world community only as Americans. As Americans they have much to give, materially and spiritually: a well-founded optimism about their own possibilities; a well-founded belief that some of the problems of unity in the absolute essentials, combined with diversity in all departments of life where diversity is possible, have been solved in the American historical experience. The problem set us and all people by the technological unification of the world is extremely difficult. It will be hard to solve at best, and it may easily be made insoluble by pretense that its basic difficulty either does not exist or can easily be got round—the difficulty of creating an effective sense of common duty and common interest among the separate and quite different peoples of the world. That separateness, that difference, need not be insuperable obstacles if they are first allowed for and their origins understood. It is, I have been told, one of the most formidable of Chinese imprecations to wish that your enemy lived "in interesting times." We live in very interesting times; times not to be made better by any simple formula. Understanding each other is not enough, but it is an indispensable beginning.

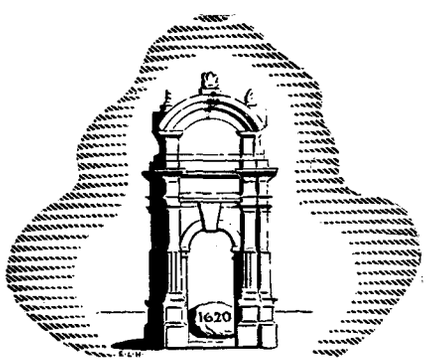
II. Hilary Saunders Looks at America

PIONEERS! O PIONEERS! By Hilary St. George Saunders. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1944. 186 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by HAL BORLAND

HILARY ST. GEORGE SAUNDERS came to America last year to explain, as he says, how the British Government's official reports of specific actions and campaigns in this war are written. Mr. Saunders had written six of these reports, including "Combined Operations," which was chosen by the Book-of-the-Month Club for distribution here. He is, he insists, a pamphleteer. When he had returned to England he wrote another pamphlet, a personal report on his journey around America. Although obviously aimed primarily at a British audience, it is published here as a book about America and Americans. As the report of an able writer and interested observer, it has a good deal to offer American readers.

It has several qualities to recommend it. It does not pretend to be a full report on America, but only on that part of America which Mr. Saunders saw in something less than two months. Its author came here to learn about America, not to preach to America, and this is a report, not a sermon. He did not expect to arrive at any profound judgment and he has been content to present his impressions and to sum them up in a final chapter, which is notably sensible, tolerant, and understanding.



"Americans," he says in that summing up, "are a foreign people. Less than fifty per cent of them, I believe, have any English blood in them at all. Their 'foreignness' is apparent before you have been a day in their country. The fact that they speak our language or, more exactly, a forceful adaptation of it, full of fire and color, does not mean that they use it to express our view of life. On the contrary. It expresses their own, which is very different. They appear to me to live an altogether broader, ampler existence than we, being undaunted by exaggeration, perhaps because it is as hard for them to recognize it as it is for them to remember the word 'impossible.' Their tendency is to prefer the mural rather than the miniature, the skyscraper to the cottage, and they would rather proffer an invitation to a weekend than to lunch."

And he says a bit further along: "To say, as I have heard it said sometimes over here, that they are children is childish. . . . Nothing could be further from the truth. They are in love with life and living. . . . Throughout my long journey I never met a bored American." Yet, he points out, we are intensely self-critical, saying and writing things about each

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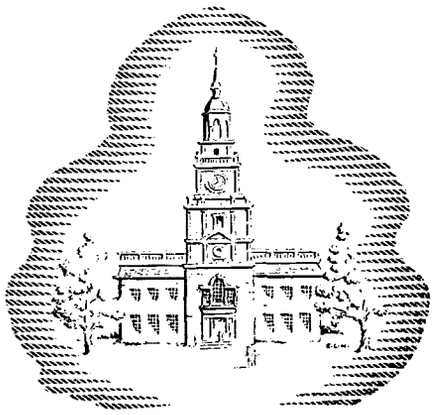
other that would inspire incessant libel suits under the British libel laws. We are, he reminds his British readers, more critical of our own shortcomings and mistakes than we have ever been of Britain's errors.

And he is keenly sensitive to American impatience with Europe's brawling and warring. "Twice in a generation," he points out, "Americans have died in battle because it (Europe) is still there. . . . After all, there is something very exasperating in being compelled to intervene at great trouble and cost in the affairs of a continent which your great-grandfather, grandfather or father deliberately abandoned because he wanted to escape its turmoils and uncertainties." And he reminds his countrymen that Britain, too, had her share of isolationists in the years when the League of Nations was being given the kiss of death. As an employee of the League during those years, he speaks from something considerably more vital than a vacuum.

These observations, however, come from his final chapter, his summing up. The greater part of the book is a report of his experiences and observations, which are admittedly helter-skelter. He heard amusing stories from taxi-drivers. He met columnists and radio commentators, and liked some of both groups. They fulfil a function, he believes, somewhat akin to that of the Members of Parliament in England, for they demand, get, publish, and discuss information from and about the Government. Our military columnists and commentators "have a formidable knowledge of the strategy and tactics of this war while their political counterparts could, as far as knowledge goes, step into the shoes of any Cabinet Minister."

Whether the reader will agree with this or not depends on what columnists he reads. I have a feeling that Mr. Saunders is too charitable; not because of my opinion of the columnists, but because I know too little of Cabinet Ministers.

OF Washington Mr. Saunders reports relatively little except his belief that the system of identification of visitors to Government offices is better than that of England and that a session of Congress is not particularly impressive. His Washington chapter is, frankly, disappointing. He makes up for it with his report on Hollywood, "a strangely untidy place, part of one still more untidy—Los Angeles." He found one genius there, Walt Disney, and he pays him high tribute. He also found a group of English script writers in describing whom he he takes full advantage of the liberal American libel laws. "Bacchus and his crew run to seed" is one of the least



biting criticisms with which he clouts them. They do not know modern England, he says, and they do not wish to know it; he implies that they are so enamored of the fat and lazy life that they refuse to return and learn the truth about that upon which they pontificate profitably. He does not openly say that they ran away from the war but he might as well have said it.

He makes two exceptions—Valentine Williams and Michael Arlen who, he points out, "went through the blitz and are as well qualified as any writer to describe wartime England. That, I suppose," he adds, "is why when I was in Hollywood the first was employed in writing a story about a French general and the second was resting." Yet for the product of Hollywood as a whole he has kind words. He is a kindly man—at times.

He went to San Francisco and was entranced by the city, astounded by the production scale and methods at the Kaiser shipyards. He went to New Orleans and was equally astounded at what he saw at the Higgins yards and factories. He went to Chicago and was convinced that most American cities are actually in a tropical zone, though few Americans realize or will admit it and act accordingly.

In Chicago, too, he interviewed the chief editorial writer of the *Chicago Tribune* and he learned about Chicago's gangster past. How much he learned about the *Tribune* or the gangsters no one will ever discover by reading this book, for seven pages of his report have been censored; on each of these pages appears a statement that what originally appeared there has been omitted "in deference to his (Mr. Stolz's, the *Tribune* editor's) request and that of the editor of the *Cicero Review,* backed by the threat of legal proceedings." In the light of Mr. Saunders's vivid description of William Randolph Hearst and his newspapers, set forth in a West Coast chapter, one wonders what he had to say about Colonel McCormick that threatened to breach the liberal American libel law.

Two of the most poignant points of the whole report, to me, are those which tell of his visit to a farm in Iowa and his talk with the farm parents of "Zip" Koons, the first American soldier to kill a German soldier in this war. In both instances Saunders met American farm folk "who have always viewed and must always view existence as a struggle against drought, frost, wind, hail, rain, greenfly, and all the other forces that Nature mobilizes against them. Why men should take on their own kind as well passes their understanding. 'It's just goddam stupid,' and yet, whatever their attitude may have been in the last war, in this one they are ready to bear their share. They have sent sons not in thousands only, but in tens of thousands to do battle against the Germans and the Japs, who are not to be likened to the forces of Evil but *are* those forces." Saunders's report of those two meetings is splendid in its understanding, its simplicity, its full-hearted warmth. One feels that there he touched the quick of an American way of life.

In Detroit he was properly impressed by Willow Run. He also encountered the race riot there, and he reports it with restraint. He has many pertinent and pungent things to say about American radio, particularly radio interviews. He tells of a night spent with two Chicago labor leaders, "fierce, combative, strong-hearted individualists" who made him wonder how such strong individualism could ever be merged into enduring unionism. And of the A. F. of L. and the CIO he says, "by our standards both forms of union are antique, antediluvian in fact."

Toss in a trip to Canada, which was a homecoming to the British Empire, and the Saunders itinerary and report are almost complete. The report is pungent, full of personality, never pontificial. The summary in the final chapter makes excellent sense, both as an appraisal of what he saw and of what appears to him to be necessary in the way of coöperation and understanding between Britain and America in the months and years to come if we are to have anything like peace in this world. He has no program beyond that, but he has hopes and he has memories of how we failed in the past. His report now should be of considerable help in explaining America and its people to the British. It will also help a good many Americans to understand the British point of view when they think of or visit us. It may even help Americans better to understand themselves, for Hilary St. George Saunders has a discerning mind hidden behind his smiling eyes and amused chuckle.

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A Portrait of F.D.R.

WHAT MANNER OF MAN? By Noel F. Busch. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1944. 189 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

TO explain the complex personality of Franklin D. Roosevelt and to estimate the significance (thus far) of his career, Mr. Busch offers in this brief volume a remarkable blend of reportorial gossip, history, and psychoanalysis. As a writer for *Fortune,* the author has had opportunies to see the President and his principal associates at close range, and to absorb much Washington gossip about their methods and intentions. In what is really a long essay, decidedly jumbled but full of verve and sparkle, he states his conclusions with great positiveness. Some of his verdicts are sharply unfavorable. He quarrels vigorously with the President's casual, illogical ways, his petulances, his taste for crises (which sometimes leads him to arrange a few when they do not occur naturally), and his occasional indulgence in grandiose administrative mismanagement. While praising highly the first Administration, he thinks the second was inept and futile until the present war roared up like a cyclone to lift it out of the doldrums. But on the whole he inclines the balance in favor of F.D.R. Endorsing at least two of his three main strategic decisions (to beat Germany first, to demand unconditional surrender, to attack in Africa and Italy before France), Mr. Busch tells us that "Roosevelt still seems to be on his game, if not quite at the top of it."

But it is the preliminary comment and analysis, not the final conclusions, which give this frank and objective book its value. Let it be said at once that as a reporter Mr. Busch is excellent, as a historian he is mediocre, and as a psychoanalysist he is wretchedly unconvincing. He ranges over a tremendously broad field. In less than two hundred pages he manages to furnish a brief and highly individual biography of the President, a summary of his main public policies, an account of his friendships and the way he treats or maltreats his friends, a sketch of his tastes in food, books, and recreation, a study of his temper, his charm, his impulsiveness, and his sense of humor, an inquiry into his political dexterity (which Mr. Busch thinks has been exaggerated), and a record of the way in which his mind works. His attitudes toward big business, the Supreme Court, marriage, authority, competition, campaign promises, and the general public are briefly but clearly characterized. His governmental partners, Frankfurter and Stettinius, Baruch and Hopkins, Byrnes and Hull, come in for notice. The only notable omission—and it is very notable indeed—is religion, which has certainly played no small part in Roosevelt's life, but which is ignored. All this is too much territory to be covered satisfactorily. In dealing with concrete, practical, everyday matters like diet, politics, and war Mr. Busch gets along

Roosevelt's capacity for enjoyment enlivened the Cairo-Teheran trip.

nicely, but when he steps into deep waters he disappears with a splash.

A good deal of the history, for example, is worse than dubious. We are told of one serious defect in Roosevelt's first term: "This was that, when it might still have been possible to do something about the impending war in Europe, he ignominiously failed to do so." Who could honestly say before the end of 1936 that war was "impending"? What could be done to forestall a possible war with Congress and the people in the temper they displayed at the time of the Neutrality Act? Mr. Busch forgets the whole setting of that first Administration, and overlooks dark uncertainties that were not resolved till years later. Again, he tells us that the fight against the Supreme Court was unnecessary, and that Roosevelt was "fundamentally the loser." On the contrary, much is to be said for the view that some kind of fight against the Court had become indispensable, and everything is to be said for the view that Roosevelt was substantially the victor. The Freudianism-without-tears which Mr. Busch pours into his book is as hollow as some of the history. That Roosevelt's affluent and patrician upbringing gave him a cavalier attitude toward money is obvious enough. But we may well doubt that he never learned the meaning of competition in the American sense; that an uninhibited love of attention is his basic motivation; that he takes a special interest in Jews because "the Jewish racial traumas and his own physical incapacity provide a common bond"; and that the age-differential between himself and his father, James Roosevelt, explains why he seldom turns to older men for counsel—all of which Mr. Busch solemnly assures us.

But the reporting is, as we have said, excellent. Two parts of the book are especially effective. One is the opening chapter, which paints the White House life of the President in luminous detail. It is perhaps not especially important to know that Mr. Roosevelt breakfasts in bed on coffee, toast, and scrambled eggs, that he has approximately thirty suits, that his secretaries weed his five thousand letters a day down to a dozen which really need his personal attention, that he relaxes with poker, the movies, or a detective story, that he likes to make about two old-fashions a day for himself, that he uses a special nicotine-catching cigarette-holder, that nowadays he is lucky to get one swim a week in the White House pool, and so on.

The other bit of reporting is the description of Mr. Roosevelt at Cairo and Teheran. He took with him fifty detective novels picked by the Library of Congress, and two silver-framed photographs of himself for Stalin and Inonu. Staying with Minister Kirk just beside the pyramids, he was overtaken by some legislation flown from Washington. "Well," he remarked with satisfaction, "I guess I'm the only President in history to sign a bill at Cairo, Egypt." Once during the talks of the three leaders, Stalin proposed a toast to the effect that the best post-war measure to insure peace would be to kill fifty thousand Prussian officers. If this was a joke, Churchill failed to find it funny and showed the fact. Roosevelt intervened to relieve the situation by remarking: "I propose an amendment to that toast. Let's settle, say, for forty-nine thousand." On the way home Roosevelt wished to stop at Bari for the week-end; but, says the author, his party were glad they did not let him when the Germans raided that port and destroyed supply ships in the harbor. On the whole, the Cairo-Teheran trip was a very enjoyable affair—and Roosevelt's capacity for enjoyment helped make it fruitful.

Mr. Busch might well do a longer book about the President, the Cabinet, and the Washington scene; and if he does, he should spend less effort on analysis and more on straight reporting.

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Escapism: Two Versions

WATCH OUT FOR WILLIE CARTER. By Theodore Naidish. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1944. 248 *pp.* $2.50.

TARGET ISLAND. By John Brophy. New York: Harper & Bros. 1944. 184 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

BOTH of these short novels suffer from too much plot and too little real development. In each instance too much plot means too much stale and dispensable plot, too many worn out props put up to obscure a living background. In Mr. Naidish's story of the prize ring we have the young fighter who changes his name to shake off the shadow of a disreputable father, and the evil father crossing his son so that he may lose the crucial fight, and the beautiful young wife with a career of her own to make (in a night club, of course) and so forth. All of this simply casts a cinema glaze of unreality over the whole story, which could have been made vital with some attention given to training camp life, to the kinesthetic sensations of the boxer, to the undoubtedly salty characters of the prize ring (not these stock fighters and trainers who have to look like Nat Pendleton and Jimmy Gleason). Instead there is the unnecessary focus upon the night club, the girl, and especially (to the point of boredom) upon her parents. There are two moments of stunning ferocity, a fight in the club and Carter's painful victory, with a broken hand, in the ring, but these do not help us evade the fact that Willie Carter is neither real nor interesting. That is too bad, for I don't think we have had any really good prize-fight stuff since Jack London.

John Brophy

Mr. Brophy's story of Malta presents the same literary manifestation—as I see it, the same corruption—a dead pattern superimposed upon a living one. Surely the experience of the people of Malta, honestly told with the breadth and intensity such an experience must include, would make a strong piece of writing. In "Target Island" this experience is spread across the background like a dead still—the blue sky, the caves, the burning buildings, the hills, the planes diving—but it is just as flat as that still, thin and depthless and with no echo. What really goes on is a quiet little love affair between an English girl and one of three flyers (who seem, these three, to be fighting the whole battle of Malta). Her Peter survives, but the other two fall, briskly and like stout fellas—there is no pain of death in this story. There is also the saintly priest who labors over the soul of Manuela, a Maltese girl who loves Mac, one of the other air men. It makes a neat little tangle of plot, all drawn toward the neat climax, Manuela with her memories, Father Julian with his sighs, Peter and Pauline to face the dawn of a new day.

But, this is Malta, that cowered and starved in darkness under two thousand bombings. That part of it is somehow filtered out, and the residue is a pretty fable of battle and love. It is not that these are in themselves objectionable—but the presence of that sinister background ought to do something, ought to invest these characters with more than just a meditative sadness or a fine, brave tilt of the head. We have read elsewhere, seen elsewhere, that war means suffering and bitterness and despair, and a courage that is often without laughter in it. "Target Island" is many shades and levels removed from that kind of reality.

Theodore Naidish

Getting the Warbirds to New Nests

BOMBERS ACROSS. By Captain Edgar J. Wynn. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1944. 178 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by FLETCHER PRATT

SOMEBODY, psychologist or critic, should investigate the effect of flying on literature. Nobody seems able to write about it seriously without polemics; and nobody seems to be able to touch it narratively without poetry. It is either Alex De Seversky or Antoine de St. Exupéry. If the always dangerous process of classification be insisted upon, the volume before us quite clearly belongs in the second category, and this seems as singular a use of the medium as analyzing the Oedipus complex in a sequence of sonnets. For the book is concerned with a war service, one of the most difficult, dangerous, and thankless of all—the bomber ferry command. "1000 Liberators Raid Polesti," say the headlines and almost nobody thinks of how they got to where they could raid anything.

Captain Wynn helped take them there. He took them across the Atlantic and was in Scotland during those dreadful four days when two of the returning planes went down and forty-four pilots were killed in a pair of avoidable accidents. He took bombers across the South Atlantic and Africa, made a forced landing in the desert, found how hot it was in Khartoum, and met the Russians. He flew Eleanor Roosevelt; he was a training pilot for the RAF in Canada and learned that this business of steadying youngsters by taking them right up after a bad crash does not always work out.

To say this much is merely to give a table of contents which no more gives an idea of the quality of the book than to say it is in good straight prose. As a matter of fact, it is not in good straight prose, if that phrase be used in its normal sense to signify one hundred percent objective reporting. Captain Wynn is objective enough about his mechanical facts to satisfy a mathematician; but he has no sooner stated that the pool was two feet long and three feet wide than he is off into the subjective with an incomparable energy and a keenness of observation of the facts beneath facts that make this one of the most readable of war books.

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Lebanon of the Georgia Lowlands

LEBANON. By Caroline Miller. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1944 234 *pp.* $2.50

Reviewed by SARA HENDERSON HAY

LEBANON Fairgale, heroine of Caroline Miller's new novel, grew up in the Georgia Lowlands at a time which the jacket of the book describes as "that simple and unspoiled era, the early decades of the nineteenth century." But Lebanon certainly had more trouble than should fall to the lot of any woman in all her born days. First she had the misfortune to fall in love with the wrong man, a feminine failing which has little to do with the simplicities or complexities of environment. Lebanon could shoot a 'gator and skin him, she could kill a rattlesnake at twenty yards with a bull whip, she could make a rawhide shirt or a pair of boots, and she was well versed in backwoods materia medica. But she did not know sattinette from russet cloth, or a double rose-cut diamond fleur-de-luce from a throat lacet of red glass, and she could neither read nor write. So, when Sebastian Ratcliff, with his fleece-lined coat and his white hands which could not hold a rifle straight or heft an axe, came to bargain for her father's land and they fell in love, Lebanon knew he was not for her. Moreover, Sebastian was betrothed to Miss Lucie Birdsong of Baltimore, and in those simple, unspoiled days gentlemen did not break their promises.

Lebanon married instead of Sebastian a man nearly twice her age, Fernald d'Aussy, tavern keeper in nearby Birdtown, and they started west to pioneer. Fernald turned out to be a better bar-keep than homesteader, and when, disillusioned with pioneering, he turned for solace to the tap room of the toll-keep's tavern at Mercierville and the embraces of the toll-keep's wife, Lebanon had to depend on her own resources, her spiritual as well as her physical strength. The townsfolk of Mercierville could not understand her, they talked about her, and when her child was born, they snickered and asked Fernald if it had claws, and fur in its ears. How these people tried to hound her out of town, how she was finally indicted for a murder of which she was innocent, thrown into prison, and at the last moment defended and rescued by Jairus Montjoy, the preacher, brings this harrowing tale to its climax and conclusion.

Mrs. Miller, author of the Pulitzer prize novel, "Lamb in his Bosom," does not add materially to her stature in her present book. Lebanon, for all the subjective analysis which the author lavishes upon her, does not emerge as a flesh and blood woman, but rather as a character in a folk tale. Perhaps this is what Mrs. Miller wished to do, but there is a quality of unreality about this book, not entirely due to the fact that it deals with a period which has faded into the realm of romance. It is because, I think, Mrs. Miller has been more concerned with the style of her writing than with the characters she was writing about. Her natural poetic charm of expression has become unfortunately self-conscious. She has affected a curiously archaic phraseology combined with what the reader suspects is sometimes a folk-vocabulary of her own invention. It is a treacherous device, for true, and such phrases as "monstrous contentful" ring false on the ear. This flavor of artificiality pervades the entire book, like honey "whereof a little more than a little is by much too much." Elizabeth Madox Roberts has set a high standard for this particular sort of genre-writing, and Mrs. Miller, for all the many virtues of her book and her undoubted talent, is not yet ready to assume her mantle.

—From the jacket design of "Lebanon."

Joanna Handles the Triangle

JOANNA. By Helen Ashton .New York: Samuel Curl, Inc. 1944. 320 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by
ELIZABETH KING PHELPS STOKES

IN a quotation from Henry Fielding in Hugh Walpole's "Portrait of a Man with Red Hair," I noticed this: "For though every good author will confine himself within the bounds of probability, it is by no means necessary that his characters or his incidents should be trite, common, or vulgar. . . ."

Then, reading this tale of Helen Ashton's about flight from France, and life in England engrossed in reconciling the ordinary homely feelings and emergencies of a cultivated family with war complications, the words of Fielding rang an echo. Here is a stirring tale about Joanna; her husband, Adrien; his Brazilian mistress; Joanna's flyer son, and war, war, war, yet there is not a misproportion in the whole story.

> Turning out three books every two years and keeping the pot boiling in between with short stories and articles, is the way I earn my living. . . . A good many authors and artists are going to starve in this war, and I don't intend to be one of them. . . . If I were to stop writing now, people would have forgotten all about me by the time the war was over. I should be finished.

Joanna hated his liver for such talk as this. And Adrian went to New York following the Brazilian woman, Mercedes da Cotorra. Joanna left them at Lisbon and returned to England to be with her air service son. Living quietly near the air field, she met Dr. Mark Raven, her former fiance, who had left her a week before her wedding date because of an affair with a nurse whom he subsequently married. Dr. Raven and the nurse had a daughter who had inherited all the peasant qualities of her mother, Joanna thought. You and I know that Joanna's son, Tim, and Mark Raven's daughter, Camilla, fall in love. And a Frenchman, M. d'Argentassiere, a refugee in the same tragic flight from southern France, became important to Joanna. D'Argentassiere, who lost his wife by German strafing along the road, helped Joanna to a realization of what was left in life for those who were war-ridden.

> "Your life is not over," he said to Joanna. "You are foolish to suppose that it is. You have been living in a glass prison all these years; now it is broken and you have escaped, but you do not know where to go. You must look about you, you must learn to live in the open. At this time in the world's history there is work for everyone to do. You can help others, you can preserve a little beauty from all this destruction, you can make a quiet place around yourself to which people can come. If you will you can make a new home for me. You must put the past away and look to the future.'

Straightforward and able writing, and a good story, without a false strike for a "style."

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Strictly Personal...

THE GREAT CONSPIRACY AGAINST THE UNITED STATES

(I am giving over the space allotted me in this column to a speech recently made by J. Wilbur Snavely, Sales Engineer, to the Nail File and Tweezers Institute of America. His remarks are important coming as they do when the International Monetary Conference has just concluded its sessions at Bretton Woods, and he states, more clearly than I can, some of the burning issues of the day.—D. L. C.)

. . . STANDING on the threshold of the unknown, the only thing we can be certain of is that we shall elect a Republican President and that, as Abraham Lincoln said, there will be times that try men's souls. Yet as forward-looking men to whom the country turns in these dark days when profit is without honor in its own country, it behooves us to look scientifically into the future. We must scan the economic sky for signs and portents that will enable us to steer the economic ship into the snug harbor of prosperity where the wheels of industry fill the cornucopia of plenty to overflowing like they did before we slaughtered a million pigs to keep people from eating the animals that eat the corn thereby causing untold confusion, and every man can sit under his fig tree and earn $25,000 a year if he is worth it.

But, gentlemen, I tremble for the future of this country built by the brains and sweat of our forefathers who did more on this continent in fifty years than the Indians had done in five hundred and did even more when that unprogressive element had been put on reservations where they have multiplied and sell blankets to tourists along the Santa Fe so that they are more numerous than ever and at the same time the country has made mighty steps forward thus showing what we can accomplish when everybody puts their shoulder to the wheel. If you will pardon a personal reference, when I started out in life I got $3.00 a week but as I always say it is not hard work but worry that hurts a man.

Now why do I tremble for the future of our beloved country whose prosperity and enlightenment are so great that practically every man owns a car yet no man owns as much as three per cent of the stock of our greatest corporation—the Telephone Company—thereby giving the lie to the communists in Washington who sit up nights gnawing away at the foundations of the Constitution, while millions read our wonderful picture magazines where everything is simplified so that at a glance a man can keep busy and keep posted at the same time. I tremble, gentlemen, because while our brave boys are fighting all over the world in lands having a much lower standard of living than ours because their ignorant people haven't got our know-how or sales appeal—and I believe we would not be in this war if we had pursued a wiser course—I see some of our allies stabbing us in the back with bayonets made right here at home and given them under Lend-Lease, making this one of the vilest cases of biting the hand that feeds you ever recorded by history. We are paying high taxes for these bayonets that take bread out of the mouths of our children, while at the same time others are using them to stab us in the back as we face the enemy. Never were truer words said in the letter from St. Paul to St. Timothy. I quote: "He who careth not for his own, and especially those of his own house, he hath denied the faith and is worse than the infidel." Unquote.

Through off the record sources which I cannot reveal now although I will in due time, and this proves the deathless truth that the guilty will be punished after a fair trial according to the American Way, I have discovered that there is a great conspiracy against the United States. It is being fermented right now by men we are helping to escape from their enemy in this war but who are preparing to doublecross us the moment there is a chance to make a dollar and they can get back to their dirty tricks which is why Europe is at war today and we are in it although war doesn't settle anything but causes a lot of trouble.

First let me give you the background. As you know, that man in

the White House who will soon have to start paying rent when a sound Republican moves in and an outraged electorate sees that they are worse off than ever before, cooked up the scheme he calls Lend-Lease, but unfortunately as Thomas Jefferson has said, you can't fool all the people all the time. It was bad enough to give foreigners billions of dollars worth of things that Americans are paying the highest taxes for in the world while their families do without, including poultry equipment, so that our patriotic farmers went to work and produced so many eggs there was no place to store them and millions were thrown to the hogs, but it is even worse to find that those people after using up those things are going to use them to harm us. I'll make my meaning even clearer in a moment.

THE leader in this diabolical conspiracy whose methods will not surprise you since we've seen the same thing in this country for twelve long years although George Washington refused to serve more than two terms even though he was the Father of Our Country and could have sat there independent as a hog on ice, is England. Four weeks ago they held a meeting over there, I am told on good authority, and figured that they and countries they own like Australia and Canada, will owe us about twelve billion dollars on Lend-Lease when this war is over and our troops enter Tokyo to see that they stop flooding this market with merchandise made by slave labor and cutting down our high standard of living. So what do they propose to do after we have practically stripped down to our BVD's to help them? They are going to ruin us. They are going to put millions of our people out of work and grow rich at our expense. *They are going to pay us back every cent they owe us.*

So the minute after we have put a Republican President in the White House he will be faced with unemployment because people are out of work and while I am not suggesting that the man you know I mean is in on this conspiracy, it would not surprise me a bit. The day the war is over—unless we stop them—they are going to send us shipload after shipload of woolen cloth, shoes, chinaware, cutlery, whiskey, and other things, and keep this up until they don't owe us a cent. I figure they will ship us enough of these things to supply every family in the land for two years thereby throwing multitudes out of work and at the same time make them think the world owes them a living as they have been falsely taught by those fellows in Washington who inherited their money while they spend mine and

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yours like drunken sailors. There is a parable which illustrates the point. Right now, gentlemen, our men are down in the Amazon trying to make those lazy natives get out wild rubber but they won't work until we show them there is something that makes life worth living—up-to-date plumbing, toilet soap, breakfast foods, and things like that. Otherwise these natives would go through life like they have for a thousand years without hitting a lick of work and not realizing what they have been missing.

Now what will happen here if those double-crossing English people supply us with so many things that our people won't have to work for them? They'll be out of work standing in the relief lines wearing good clothes and shoes and drinking whiskey, because it is harder to sell a suit to a man who has one than to one who hasn't. What would happen here, anyway, if our forward looking manufacturers did not induce the natives of this country—like we are doing now on the Amazon—to realize that there are always new things coming out to make life worth living and so the married woman who has been sitting home keeping house reads the ads, wants the new things, and takes a job in the dime store to save her money to buy the things thereby increasing employment and making everybody prosperous in the long run.

Anybody can see then that the English are striking at the very thing that makes us great and so, gentlemen, in the face of this peril I have a proposition to make which may save the day otherwise we might have to go to war to save ourselves from ruin. It is a double-barreled proposition. Instead of letting the English ruin us by paying their debts to us, why can't we ruin them and save ourselves at the same time by making them a present of all our surplus war material on the condition that they do not pay us and will take the stuff?

This blueprint for the future, or two-point program, would serve a double purpose. We keep the English from shipping us clothes, woolens, and cutlery that we don't need and can manufacture at home thereby giving employment to our people and showing what private enterprise can do when it is on its toes. By giving them hundreds of thousands of our surplus trucks, cars, and other things plus millions of pairs of shoes, socks, underwear, and shiploads of food, we would throw their people out of work and close the factories that would otherwise be competing with us, the shoe would be on the other foot, and at the same time we would avoid having to give these things to our people at home which would impoverish everybody. After we have gotten rid of these troublesome surpluses by foisting them on our commercial enemy, all we would have to do then is to stand firmly upon the plank of the Republican platform drafted by the best minds of this country which plainly says we should enact "a fair productive tariff on competitive products" but the same time "remove unnecessary and destructive barriers of international trade." Thus we could have tariffs and do away with them, too, thereby protecting our infant industries such as steel and wool while letting in free of duty such things as church altars, hand-painted French pictures, preserved duck eggs made by our valiant Chinese ally, and yachts.

Now I hate to say a word for the communists who are our playmates in this war, but they are going to play fairer by us than the English. They owe us billions on Lend-Lease but in order not to hurt us by shipping things we don't want and are useless to us such as linens, pulpwood, furs, and other material which would throw our people out of work, they are going to pay us back in—gold. We take the gold, put it away in Fort Knox, and there it is out of the way and not harming us while making us rich at the same time. Furthermore, as that distinguished citizen, Mr. Eric Johnston, has cabled us, according to the news dispatches, the Russians are going to buy millions of dollars worth of machinery from us as soon as the shooting is over and we start building up Germany as a buffer state to keep them from bolshevizing the world.

In closing, gentlemen, let me quote you a sentence from Mr. Eric Johnston's great book, "America Unlimited." He says: ". . . America's thinking is not sufficiently conscious and confident of its wellsprings of energy and achievement." I think he's right and that's why I say when we keep foreigners from ruining us by shipping us goods in payment of their debts, and at the same time induce them to take as a gift the billions of dollars of surplus war materials that will be left over, and so clear our decks for action, there is no telling what might happen to this young and energetic people surrounded by frontiers we haven't begun to touch. Let me conclude by another deathless statement of Mr. Johnston's which if I had my way would be recited every day by every American:

"Ring out defeatism, ring out lugubrious philosophies of maturity, satiety, and senility! Ring in faith and self-confidence! America and defeat cannot be made to rhyme." Thus speaks the ghost of our courageous forefathers!

DAVID L. COHN

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

JEWELS IN FICTION

Precious jewels have been one of the chief props of the story teller since story telling began. Briefly summarized below are ten famous stories in which jewels play a prominent part. Allowing 5 points for identifying the character concerned, and another 5 for naming the story itself, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 24.

1. While under the influence of opium, he entered his fiancee's room during the night and stole her birthday present, a large precious stone that had been removed from a heathen idol.
2. She was a good girl, but she succumbed to the influence of a whole boxful of jewels.
3. By making the correct choice of three jewel boxes (one of gold, one of silver, one of lead) he won a beautiful blonde heiress.
4. After the family heirloom—a sapphire known as the Blue Water—disappeared under peculiar circumstances, this young man left a phony confession behind and joined the Foreign Legion.
5. A cache of jewels she stole during a riot started her husband on the road to wealth, but eventually he rewarded her by taking the two pearls she had reserved for herself and giving them to his mistress.
6. After she lost a borrowed necklace, she and her husband slaved for ten years to pay for the 36,000 franc duplicate they had bought to replace it, only to find that the lost one had been made of paste.
7. He committed murder to get a 140-carat diamond which he made into a lens for his microscope.
8. This famous detective painstakingly traced the travels of a valuable blue carbuncle from the crop of a Christmas goose back to the thief who stole it.
9. When Louis XIII commanded that Queen Anne appear at a ball wearing the twelve diamond studs which she had indiscreetly given to the Duke of Buckingham, this adventurous soldier was dispatched to England to get them.
10. After his gang of sailors had stolen the ruby which served as the eye of a hideous idol, this adventurer outwitted three avenging priests but was finally overcome by the idol itself.

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WISTER'S PROPHESY

AT the end of the seventeenth century there was born in Heidelberg, Germany, a man who came to America at the age of twenty-one and settled in Philadelphia. His name was Caspar Wistar (Vistàr, in German) and his grandson of the same name was professor of anatomy at the University of Pennsylvania at the beginning of the nineteenth century. In his honor one of our most graceful plants, the wistaria, was named. One of his descendants, Mrs. Wister, was a famous translator of German fiction; and a still later descendant was a great friend of the late Theodore Roosevelt and a writer of fiction who embodied in his story of a certain horseman of the plains a character known as "The Virginian," who has become immortal.

I speak now, of course, of the late Owen Wister, the name having long since changed a last "a" for an "e." At the time of the last war, Wister wrote a small book about Germany and the crisis—America having not yet entered the war—called "The Pentecost of Calamity." This summer, in a short hour, I reread that little book.

Wister begins it by describing a visit that he paid to Germany in the summer of 1914; and how, at the end of that visit, and before the outbreak of war, he had about decided, because of the neatness and order of all things in Germany, that it would be just about the best of all countries to be born in. A year later he was of an entirely different mind.

I think no one has ever put in a nutshell so well just what happened to Germany at a date which, as Wister said, "has not done growing yet, will be one of history's enormous dates before it is done growing," the date of July 19, 1870, when Germany became shackled to the House of Hohenzollern and Prussianism. The indoctrination of "the Super-man, the Super-race, and the Super-state" began at that time. In section 11 of his little book Wister presents "the Prussian Creed," "a composite statement of Prussianism compiled sentence by sentence from the utterances of Prussians," beginning with the Kaiser and descending through professors and editors as they spoke in the Germany of the time. It is a grim little document of which "Mein Kampf" seems a logical outgrowth. This was, remember, back in 1915. One extract:

> War in itself is a good thing. God will see to it that war always recurs. The efforts directed toward the abolition of war must not only be termed foolish, but absolutely immoral. The peace of Europe is only a secondary matter for us. The sight of suffering does good; the infliction of suffering does one more good. This war must be conducted as ruthlessly as possible.

But this editorial has another purpose than to speak of horrors. Presumably—I do not know—Owen Wister's politics were Republican. This year, I have thought that had the Republican party wished to take a real stand against isolationism, and with respect to America's participation in a world federation, they could not have done better than quote the final two pages and a half of "The Pentecost of Calamity." For the benefit of the democrats of every party, I should now like to quote them here:

> To speak of the Old World and the New World is to speak in a dead language. The world is one. All humanity is in the same boat. The passengers multiply, but the boat remains the same size. And people who rock the boat must be stopped by force. America can no more separate itself from the destiny of Europe than it can escape the natural laws of the universe.
>
> Because we declared political independence, does any one still harbor the delusion that we are independent of the acts and fortunes of monarchs? If so, let him consider only these four events: In 1492 a Spanish Queen financed a sailor named Columbus—and Europe reached out and laid a hand on this hemisphere. In 1685 a French King revoked an edict—and thousands of Huguenots enriched our stock. In 1803 a French consul, to spite Britain, sold us some land—it was pretty much everything west of the Mississippi. One might well have supposed we were independent of the heir of Austria. In 1914 they killed him, and Europe fell to pieces—and that fall is shaking our ship of state from stem to stern.
>
> Thus, from Palos, in 1492, to Sarajevo, in 1914, the hand of Europe has drawn us ever and ever closer.
>
> Yes, indeed; we are all in the same boat. Europe has never forgotten some words spoken here once: "That government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth." She waited to hear us repeat that in some form when The Hague conventions we signed were torn to scraps of paper. Perhaps nothing save calamity will teach us what Europe is thankful to have learned again—that some things are worse than war, and that you can pay too high a price for peace; but that you cannot pay too high for the finding and keeping of your own soul.

Those words were written at another time, but they have come singularly true today. We are not only not independent of the acts and fortunes of monarchs, we are not independent of the acts of dictators, large and small. We began, before this war, by believing that we were independent of the acts of a certain petty rebel and dictator, one Francisco Franco of Spain. That was merely *one* of our initial mistakes. As to world solidarity, will the voice of the prophet cry always in the wilderness? W. R. B.

To a Congressman

By Melville Cane

OH Martin Dies,
We rise
To greet you with affection
For choosing not to stand for re-election.
At last, to quote the poet,
You've done the state some service,
And we know it.
From San Francisco to Port Jervis
We've shuddered at your masterly proclivities
For smelling unAmerican activities,
Your nerves atwitch,
Scenting a witch,
Your prowling head
Deep under the bed.
To you the Highest Order of Merit
As a ferret.
Oh super-
Snooper,
And ultra-sniffer
Of treason in those with a right to differ;
Oh rare practitioner of suspicion,
Swept by the fascination
Of your mission
For character assassination,—
Know that *your* activity is unAmerican.
Your countrymen despise
Paul Prys,
Resent the Star Chamber,
Rejoice
In the free choice
Of act and thought and speech,
Equal, all and each.
Remember!
Martin Dies!

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

G.B.S.

SIR: Congratulations on your most interesting issue commemorating Bernard Shaw's 88th birthday. Your readers may be interested in what he wrote me about his meetings with Mark Twain:

"On one of the visits to London made by my biographer, Archibald Henderson, I met him at the railway station, and found that Mark had come over in the same boat and was in the same train. There was a hasty introduction amid the scramble for luggage which our queer English way of handling passengers' baggage involves; and after a word or two I tactfully took myself and Henderson off.

"Some days later Clemens walked into our flat in Adelphia Terrace. Our parlor-maid, though she did not know who he was, was so overcome by his personality that she admitted him unquestioned and unannounced, like the statue of the Commandant.

"Whether it was on that occasion or a later one that he lunched with us, I cannot remember, but he did lunch with us, and told us stories of that old Mississippi storekeeper. He presented me with one of his books, and autographed the inside of the cloth case on the ground that when he autographed fly leaves they were *taken out and sold.*

"He had a complete gift of intimacy which enabled us to treat one another as if we had known one another all our lives, as indeed I had known him through his early books, which I read and revelled in before I was twelve years old."

CYRIL CLEMENS.

Webster Grove, Mo.

The Real Shaw

SIR: Although I am only one of the thousands of admirers of Bernard Shaw, I feel that you have done me a personal favor by devoting your July 22 issue to him. At a time when newspapers are prone to use the old giant only as a source of quips and paradoxes, it is good to see your estimable journal paying him this honor, which may serve to re-evaluate him for older people and establish him properly for younger ones who have come to maturity in these days when he is publicized principally as a buffoon.

So many people with fixed and firm opinions on Shaw have read so little of his work. They derive their opinions from superficial critics and popular fallacy. They think that the author of "Androcles" and "Saint Joan" (and their prefaces) is a hard and unfeeling man. They think that the creator of "Candida" and "Liza" and "John Tarleton" was incapable of full and rounded human characterizations.

We take so little trouble to read and really understand Shaw and some others that you'd almost think we had a plethora of geniuses. The Elderly Gentleman himself once said, "Why was I born with such contemporaries?"

STANLEY KAUFFMANN.

New York, N. Y.

"Care to sign 10,000 letters of personal apology now, chief? Higginbottom is writing another editorial."

Report from India

SIR: A batch of *SRL's* reached me at my new post in India and I cannot refrain from writing to you about the overwhelming impression of home that they gave me. More than the stupid flag-waving and star spangled musicals that Hollywood produces and the Army exhibits; more than the daily newspapers that reach us weeks and months late; more than even letters from home, the *SRL* revealed to me the literary and cultural trend of the homeland during war. It so happened that once—it seems so long ago—I was an avid reader and a bit of a book reviewer, and so the *SRL* means more to me than to most soldiers, or to most civilians for that matter.

Since I last wrote to you, I have traveled across North Africa; I went past the cities and spots now relegated to the military history of the U.S.A. In India I have seen some of the greatest cities and some of the smallest villages. I have been under fire, very minor, but real bullets, and I still get a hell of a kick out of the *SRL.*

The limericks, Hellman's error in writing of a "new" Byron discovery, the reviews, yes, even the ads, gave me a strong feeling of nostalgia for home. When I saw the ads for "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn," I couldn't help thinking that in India the book is published under the title of "A Tree Grows in the Yard." Apparently, India, under British literary influence, never heard of Brooklyn.

In this country there are some surprisingly good bookstalls; the English, after all, speak and write English too. The books are not very recent, but some are published in Britain at about the same time they appear at home, so that they reach India fairly early. I've seen "Indigo" here, and Ingersoll's "The Battle is The Payoff" and Smith's "Tree." There is a good deal of poetry on display and more of Ezra Pound than any one else. A lot of T. S. Eliot, too. The Penguin books seem to me to be much better than our own pocketbooks, which have become nearly completely detective tales.

Soldiers don't read much. Prosaic everyday details take too much time and energy. Besides, we all work here. But there are places you can get good books. For example, the Red Cross in this city has a good library, so good in fact, that it is the only Red Cross which insists on a deposit before we take out books, probably indicating that a good many books are kept. A five rupee deposit apparently makes one honest.

But with all that I relish the *SRL.* Now, why should anyone read the *SRL* avidly, knowing that there was one chance in a million to read the books reviewed therein within the next few years? Damned if I know. But it is good to be able to keep up with writers you are interested in and reviewers whose names are familiar to you.

By the way, *Omnibook* goes over well and so does *The Reader's Digest* and its digest of a current book each month, but what hurts is that the readers really consider that they have read the book, after digesting *The Digest.* That's unhealthy, but you can't convince them that they'd be better off reading the full volume.

That's the literary report from India, with thanks for your magazine, which is one of the major things I'm fighting for. You know what I mean.

HAROLD RIBALOW.

Somewhere in India.

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TRADE Winds

WHEN THERE ISN'T enough paper in sight to print best-sellers and staple backlist items already on the lists, the urge to discover new manuscripts and projects is not as all-consuming as usual. How then is the noble publisher to kill those three or four hours a day normally devoted to his art? The simplest solution is to lock up his desk and get away from it all. Several of our best publishers employed that stratagem long ago. But is it patriotic to desert your work, or lack of it, with a war going on? Grim sticklers for outward form arrive at their offices every morning at the usual ten-thirty, and divide their time in the following pursuits.

1. Elaborate campaigns to sell Harry Scherman at the Book-of-the-Month Club or Milo Sutliff at the Guild future dividend selections. The potential profit is great, and the paper comes from the book clubs' quotas. Unfortunately, the prospective victims have perfected mobile defenses in depth. Scherman's line goes, "Isn't that interesting? We'll put it on our next test ballot and see how it comes out." Obviously, nobody can ask more than this! Sutliff's defense consists in ignoring the campaign altogether, and rattling off a number of vital statistics and future plans that he dreams up on the spur of the moment. Milo is a dyed-in-the-wool mail-order man. He takes it as a personal insult if anybody ever pretends to believe the fancy figures he pulls out of the air.

2. Writing tearful and almost sincere letters to partners in service explaining what they would give to swap places. ("You lucky so-and-so," etc.)

3. Conferences with tax experts who have developed fiendishly ingenious methods of claiming exemptions and write-offs. The fact that not one of them has been allowed in seven years neither dims their enthusiasm nor lowers their fees.

4. Telling returned heroes and war correspondents what the latter have seen for themselves. Every publisher is a born military strategist, genius of diplomacy, and qualified planner of a post-war world.

5. Serving on committees, reading the same AP dispatches in four newspapers, and opening countless unnecessary letters and advertisements.

6. Projects to wangle extra paper allotments, abandoned the moment it becomes apparent that a trip to Washington is an essential part of the attack. Publishers are allergic to Washington in summertime.

7. Trying to find out if competitors are getting away with anything.

8. Seeing how many times they can sell long-forgotten mysteries to different twenty-five-cent reprint houses. The woods are full of them. All seem to be prospering.

9. Explaining to out-of-town buyers that they did not invent the carton shortage, and getting them tickets to "Oklahoma!"

10. Cooking up elaborate prize contests.

11. Persuading authors who rate a thousand dollars a lecture to do their stuff for nothing at book fairs and literary lunches.

12. Explaining to the same authors why their books will not be reprinted, and how *The Times* threw out thirteen full pages of book advertising last week alone. The authors do not convince easily.

13. Denying *New Yorker* Harold Ross's accusation that they are "picking his brain."

14. Wrangling with agents over subsidiary rights. A publisher won an argument of this sort in 1894, but he had to marry the agent to do it.

15. Beginning to dabble in the stock market again. The 1929 crash has been reduced to a device for novelists. "Then came the fatal session of October 29, 1929 . . ." You know the rest of it.

16. Pulling wires to get Scotch, gas, freon, plane tickets, radio batteries, and billing clerks.

17. Telling stories.

Number 17 is my own ace in the hole. Random House reverberates with the sound of Cerf laughing at his own stories. Anyhow, they have enabled me to hold my franchise on this column for over two years, and fill a book that Simon and Schuster will have the nerve to publish in October, under the title of "Try and Stop Me." ("The Thief of Badgags" was rejected indignantly.)

Maybe you'd prefer a few stories now to all this rambling discourse? . . .

JOHN WANAMAKER told of meeting a boyhood friend who had experienced nothing but hard luck in his career. He had been locked out of his meagre hotel room, and he was half-starved. Deeply moved, Mr. Wanamaker fed him in his own restaurant, and urged him to order every delicacy on the menu. Then he handed him enough to pay his hotel bill, and ordered him to report for a good job the next morning.

The man never came. The hotel clerk, to whom the jubilant fellow had related the whole incident, called Mr. Wanamaker about noon. The man had died during the night—of acute indigestion. . . .

A BRIDGE PARTNER of Ely Culbertson threw away a certain slam. "I see big things ahead of you," Culbertson assured him, "all of them insuperable obstacles." When the game was over he added for good measure, "You can fool some of the people all of the time. You're one of them." . . . Ray Schindler, the literary detective, has mailed friends a printed card that reads, "Why be difficult, when, with just a little more effort, you can be IMPOSSIBLE?" . . . A lady war worker, engaged in the making of precision instruments, went to a ball game on her day off. A decision of the umpire displeased her. "Ya big bum," she hollered. "He was safe by a thousandth of an inch!" . . . At the opening performance of Gilbert Miller's first independent production, he approached his famous actor-father proudly and said, "A chip of the old block, eh?" Henry

"I took over the lease from a bookstore and he refused to leave."

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"You won't be permitted to take out 'Rebecca' until you bring back 'My Sister Eileen'!"

Miller replied, "Say rather a slice of the old ham." . . .

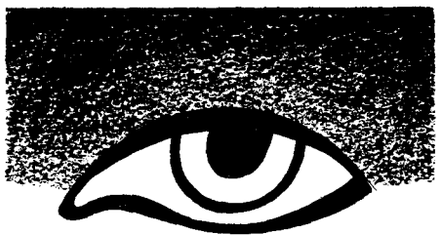
A LITTLE OLD LADY with a serious ailment who had been recommended to a prominent doctor by a mutual friend was finally dismissed as completely cured. In parting with the distinguished physician, she told him that his services had been of a sort that couldn't be fully paid for. She continued, "I do hope you will accept as a token from me this purse which I myself have embroidered." The doctor replied very coldly that the fees of a physician must be paid in money, not merely in gratitude, and he added: "Presents maintain friendship; they do not maintain a family." "What is your fee?" the woman inquired. "Two hundred dollars," was the answer. The woman opened the purse and took from it five $100 bills. She put back three, handed two to the discomfited physician, and left. . . .

IRWIN EDMAN tells about the little shaver who was crying his eyes out on a side-street curbstone. Both of his parents, he informed the good samaritan who stopped to console him, were dead, and his only living relative, a brother, was up at Harvard. "Well," said the samaritan, "a brother at Harvard! That's mighty fine. What's he studying there?" "Oh, he ain't studying anything," sobbed the boy. "*They're* studying *him!*" . . . The tag line of that story *used* to be "He's got two heads and he's in a bottle." . . . Glenn Boles recalls a bone-dry town in Oklahoma where a bona-fide rattlesnake bite was the only way to get a shot of whiskey. One native came home angry and thirsty and told his wife, "It's about time they had more'n one rattlesnake in this burg. I stood in line for three hours today and by the time it was my turn the durn rattler was so exhausted he wouldn't bite another soul!" . . . When Gloria Swanson's mama heard that she had married a titled gent in Paris, she hastily phoned her lawyer. "What's a markee?" she demanded. "It's one of those things," he explained, "that you hang in front of a theatre to keep the rain off customers." "My God!" cried the good lady, "Gloria married one of them this afternoon!" . . .

IN FRONT of an East Side delicatessen, a well-known publisher noticed a mangy little kitten, lapping up milk from a saucer. The saucer, he realized with a start, was a precious piece of pottery.

He sauntered into the store and offered two dollars for the cat. "It's not for sale," said the proprietor. "Look," said the publisher, "That cat is dirty and dilapidated, but I'm eccentric. I like cats that way. I'll raise my offer to five dollars." "It's a deal," said the proprietor, and pocketed the five-spot. "For that sum I'm sure you won't mind throwing in the saucer," said the publisher. "The kitten seems so happy drinking from it." "Nothing doing," said the proprietor firmly. "That's my lucky saucer. From that saucer, so far this week, I've sold thirty-four cats!"

BENNETT CERF.



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NOTES FROM Chapel Hill

J. M. LALLEY of *The Washington Post* polishes off one of our books in the first sentences of a recent review. "The word," he says, "that has suffered worst at the hands of the positivist police and the new Semantic Inquisition is, I fancy 'justice.' After working on her for a while in the back room, the amiable Mr. Walpole of Harvard [in *Semantics*, published by Norton] confirmed his suspicion that 'justice' has actually no referent, that is to say, no meaning whatever . . ." We have no quarrel with Mr. Lalley, who as a matter of fact is a friend of ours as well as co-author of a book on our fall list — two things which any publisher realizes are not necessarily the same. Knowing him as we do, we suspect him of irony; but if he really agreed with the positivists, he would only be lining himself up with dominant views of the day.

If you ask a social scientist today what is meant by justice he most likely will laugh at you and tell you there is no such thing.

For according to currently accepted doctrine, justice has no universal aspects; in so far as there is any justice, it is merely a matter of adjustment to the culture in which one happens to live. If this doctrine is sound, why shouldn't a person living in a community where lynching is practiced join the mob instead of opposing it? And doesn't it follow that those who joined the Nazis rather than those who objected (and as a consequence perhaps died in concentration camps) offer a model of sensible, reasonable conduct?

Can it be that all the current talk about better relations among men, among races and nations, is mere nonsense — talk about nothing? That one system—or no system at all—of rules, or standards, or principles governing relations among men is as good as another?

It seems to us that if anything is nonsense, this is.

When we published Laurence Stapleton's *Justice and World Society*, ($2.00), we knew what we were up against — an intellectual world capable of implying a universally valid ideal of justice one moment and denying the possibility of its existence the next. Without a thorough understanding of this subject, any talk about better race relations, a better international order, and postwar plans is silly, childish prattle — certain to end in the continuation, on a world-wide scale, of the blunders of the past and the commission of new ones even more tragic.

The University of North Carolina Press

Ben Stolberg on the ILGWU

TAILOR'S PROGRESS. By Benjamin Stolberg. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1944. 360 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by HERBERT HARRIS

DESPITE Mr. Stolberg's aspish gifts, and the scintillations which gleam frequently through these pages, "Tailor's Progress" remains a dull performance. This is a pity and a surprise. It is a pity because the accomplishments of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union (AFL), subject of this story, deserve the kind of treatment that would awaken the interest and understanding of that lay audience which still tends to think of organized labor as a synonym for shakedown or subversion. It is a surprise because the text would seem to be designed to appeal mainly to those who, if not quite insiders, are still acquainted with the labor movement. Yet the raw materials for a gusty, absorbing popular chronicle were ready to hand, if not virtually inescapable.

From its founding in 1900 the ILGWU has been a battleground on which Socialists, Wobblies, Communists, AFL and CIO, and many more, have variously clashed to obtain the devotion and dues of workers turning out women's wear. It has developed within a consumer industry where prosperity is precarious and where, until recently, Darwin's survival of the fittest was taken as literally by employers as fundamentalists take Holy Writ. Then, too, the ILGWU has been like a hydrographic chart, marking the successive waves of immigration from the British Isles, from Eastern Europe, from the Mediterranean, and from our own deep South as the earlier Welsh, Scotch, and Irish were replaced by Polish and Russian Jews who in turn have been increasingly supplanted by Italians, Negroes and, latterly, by third and fourth and fifth generation native whites, especially in smaller cities and towns. Despite conflicts over union credos; a competition rendered even more cutthroat by shifting styles in apparel; a racial composition changing almost year by year, the ILGWU has kept moving forward.

It is a pilgrimage, not without detours, toward the individual's more effective participation in democracy within the union, and outside of it. Even though this goal is at best only approximated, it is the continuing attempt to move toward it which is the source of the ILGWU's special significance as a social organism. Yet the intensely human decencies and deceits behind this striving hardly come through in the present history, except by oblique inference. To be sure, various milestones, marking the ILGWU's progress from paltry beginnings to its current strength of more than 300,000 members, with their millions of cash reserves in the bank, their prismatic cultural and recreational enterprises, are analyzed also, if not strictly narrated, in Mr. Stolberg's often distinguished manner. His description of the Communist putsch to capture the ILGWU to serve Soviet purposes is, for example, sharp, strong writing. But this and other parts, which are excellent, serve only to show up the comparative flatness and foreshortening of other sections, the more especially since the structure of this volume is less than architonic. Indeed, the last 155 pages read more like notes than finished portions of work, the one dovetailing with the other.

Despite such deficiences, however, the sophisticate in labor affairs will find extremely valuable insights in information, notably in the portraiture of various ILGWU leaders such as the Wilsonesque, egocentric, obstinate Benjamin Schlesinger, an early head of the union, and the tough-minded flexible, sapient David Dubinsky, current president of the ILGWU. Dubinsky is portrayed, and accurately, as a pragmatist who can never quite get rid of an instinctive altruism. From the standpoint of unionism's operating efficiency, he remains labor's gift to good management.

Curiously, Mr. Stolberg uses his story in part as a device for carrying forward his tenacious vendetta against the New Deal, its reformers, and its labor policy. He therefore ignores the fact that if it weren't for the New Deal, he would have lacked so large and important a theme for his book. The ILGWU, along with all other U. S. unions, has flourished under New Deal aegis. Whatever the blunders in the Administration's labor program, in peace and in war, union membership is today six times greater than it was when Mr. Roosevelt first entered the White House. In his eagerness to discredit the New Deal's labor record however, Mr. Stolberg reverts to an admiration for the voluntarism of Gompers which is, of course, labor's own version of laissez-faire. To do this is tantamount to asking that General Motors be broken up into a score of carriage factories, that legislation dealing with industrial relations be confined to the states. King Canute had a similar idea.

Herbert Harris is Industrial Relations Editor of the Research Institute of America.

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What Goes Aship

BABY FLAT-TOP. By Commander Kenneth D. McCracken. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1944. 180 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by FLETCHER PRATT

THE baby flat-top of the title is purely incidental. Except for a couple of brief chapters on flight operations the ship concerned might be anything from a destroyer to a battleship. For this is a book not so much about the Navy in the war or any of its ships as it is about what happens to people aboard a Navy ship in wartime—the singular behavior of Pablo the Philippino cook, how to get your girl down a ladder, the upshot of an expedition to trade mint patties for the artifacts of head-hunters, why completely unrationed meals are not necessarily pleasant and the horrors of the emergency cabin.

In an earlier age these would have been called sketches of sea life, and they are a fairly distinguished example of the same. Perhaps one could hit the quality of the book most nearly by describing it as Washington Irving crossed with James Thurber; there is a slightly delirious note to the whole business which only the latter has hitherto been able to supply. That note is one of the main reasons for recommending "Baby Flat-Top" to any reader desirous of learning what really goes on in the Navy. Most war books are full of platitudes and heroics, whereas the average ship gets into action only once or twice in a year (if lucky) and most of the time is spent as on McCracken's baby flat-top.

Of course, these are all officers, but that's an advantage, too, in a war where the literature has so devoted itself to the G.I. and seaman 2/c that we are in danger of forgetting that there is such a thing as an officer and he is responsible for everything. It is too bad to have to fly-speck the picture slightly by reporting that the illustrations are as bad as they can possibly be, perhaps because the publishers chose the wrong kind of paper. But don't let them keep you away from one of the most interesting and worth-while little volumes yet to deal with the Navy.

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The Eve of Revolution

FROM DESPOTISM TO REVOLUTION 1763-1789. *By Leo Gershoy. New York: Harper & Bothers.* 1944. *XVI,* 355 pp. $4.

Reviewed by HANS KOHN

THE years preceding the French Revolution witnessed the birth pangs of modern civilization. An enlightened despotism, under the influence of English constitutional liberties and French rational thought, laid the foundations to promises which were realized, across the turmoil of the revolution, in the liberalism of the nineteenth century. A new spirit began to animate Europe, a concern for human welfare never before encountered in the history of mankind. "Not only the warmest hearts but the coolest brains clearly recognized society's obligation to minister to the wants of the needy. They endeavored to make society conscious of its responsibility to its members, even the humblest, not for the sake of God but for the sake of man. Never before had so many people at one time felt so generously and sought to act in accord with their feelings." Of this time of high-springing hopes Professor Gershoy has given us, in this latest volume of the series "The Rise of Modern Europe," an engrossing account the reading of which should be highly recommended to the layman in search of an understanding of the sources of our immediate past.

In an easily readable and often truly eloquent style the political, social, and intellectual movements of the late eighteenth century are integrated here into a meaningful and well-ordered picture. It is not without topical interest for students of American history; for it was this Europe of the enlightenment and its imperial and dynastic conflicts which helped, politically and intellectually, the birth of the United States. Many readers will do well to remember that in 1783 the conviction was general in Europe and in England herself that the British Empire had fallen completely and forever, that all its prestige and strength were lost. One of the most intelligent monarchs of that time wrote that England had "sunk to the rank of a second class power such as Sweden and Denmark; and it will probably not be long before she too will be dominated by Russia as they are." But in the very same year Pitt became Prime Minister of Britain and for more than one hundred years Britain was the leading power of the world, unrivalled in the steadiness of political and social progress.

In the eighteenth century the intellectual elite all over Europe felt the continent as "one world," an immense republic of a common civilization from Stockholm to Naples, from Madrid to St. Petersburg. Yet Professor Gershoy is entirely right in pointing out that this oneness was entirely superficial, and that there existed a deep cleavage between western Europe on the one hand, central and eastern Europe on the other hand. This cleavage, which has grown steadily since the period of Renaissance and Reformation, expresses itself in the social structure as well as in the dominant political ideas. In the eighteenth century Prussia and Russia emerged as the leaders of eastern Europe. Enlightened despotism meant there something fundamentally different from France or Scandanavia. "In Prussia and Russia, the royal absolutism was largely a façade for the effective rule of the aristocracy of birth who employed their broad powers" to retard the advance of enlightenment or to put it to their own ends. "Whatever the personal inclination of Frederick II or Catherine II may have been, the disposition of social forces in each of these *Herrenstaaten* gave a strong backward tug to Prussian and Russian living, pulling it back to the regime of caste and patrimonial relations."

The famous German economic historian Schmoller, one of the pillars of the Bismarckian empire wrote that under Frederick "the Prussian state

...and you'll say it, too...

"Russia's no mystery to me anymore,
I've just read—

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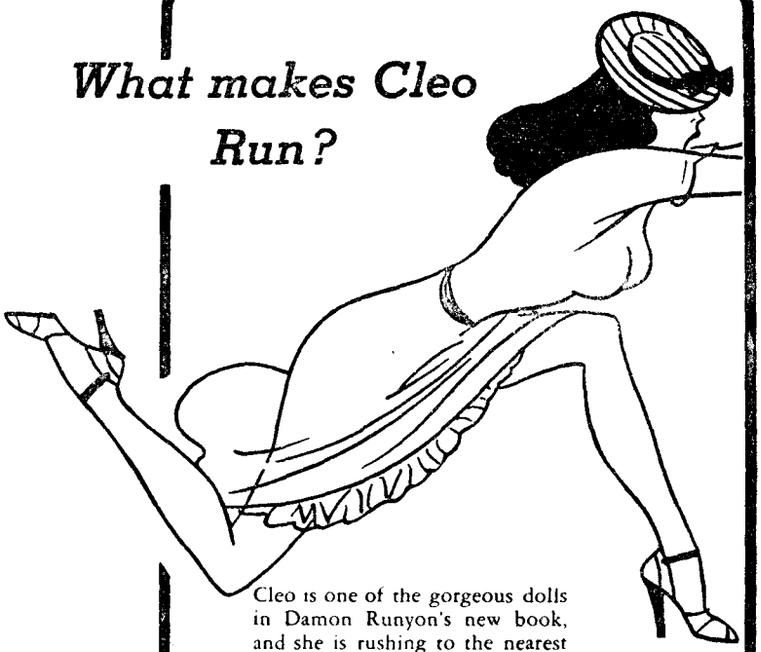
was based as much on legal security and on freedom of thought and individual opinion as upon discipline, obedience and subordination." Professor Gershoy rightly remarks that this German judgment shows "a singularly starved conception of security and freedom and evinces an awe-inspiring predisposition for obedience and subordination." This German misunderstanding of freedom is not astonishing, but only a few years ago a respected American historian could write that Frederick's Prussia was the most tolerant and progressive government of the period. Without any recourse to the sources this picture has been generally accepted. Professor Gershoy corrects it and gives a truthful and understanding analysis of Frederick and his Prussia. Prussia realized least of all major states of the period the mandates of enlightenment. "Measured in terms of progressive social aspirations it was a dismal failure." Frederick's Prussia directed its social welfare program towards the increase of the power of the state, not to the benefit of the people. Frederick was enlightened, but he was not a liberal. He could accept eighteenth century forms, but he could not release the humanist values at their core. "The Gallic and rococo veneer of his personal surroundings was a thin gloss over a great body of barrack brutality. A wit and a cynic, and at heart a true son of his martinet father, he ably reinforced a structure that required razing. The dynamic ruler was in short a reforming reactionary," as, in a different intellectual atmosphere, the men of 1812, Bismarck, and Hitler have been. Great talents and dynamic energy were spent in reforms to strengthen, often by revolutionary means, an outmoded structure and its reactionary political ideas.

The period with which the book deals was rich in interesting personalities: Frederick II and Catherine II, Maria Theresa and Joseph II, Pombal and Count Bernstorff, Charles III and Gustavus III. Professor Gershoy succeeds in bringing them, and many others, to life in terse and telling character sketches. They are seen not only as individuals but as representatives of the social and intellectual forces of their countries and their period. The picture is broadened and completed by the inclusion and discussion of intellectual and literary currents, of rationalism and sensibility, of humanitarianism and pietism, of liberalism and nationalism. Complex and contradictory like all periods in history, the quarter of a century "from despotism to revolution" was a bridge from the old to a new Europe. Its main lines are sketched with clarity and understanding for readers of today.

What makes Cleo Run?



Cleo is one of the gorgeous dolls in Damon Runyon's new book, and she is rushing to the nearest bookstore to get herself a copy while they last.

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—Rose Feld, *Herald Tribune Book Review*

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The Return of Woodrow Wilson

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Last week, the editors attended a showing in New York of the new film, "Wilson." Convinced that this picture is a political and social document of the first importance, in addition to being superlative as a film, they have asked Mr. Edgar G. Sisson to report on it for our readers. Mr. Sisson was a special emissary for President Wilson in the last war; he is credited by historians for the suggestion to Wilson that resulted in the Fourteen Points.*

WILSON. A Production in Technicolor. By Darryl F. Zanuck. Directed by Henry King. Presented at the Roxy Theatre, New York, August 1, 1944.

Reviewed by EDGAR G. SISSON

"WILSON" is a picture of nobility, charm, and power. I believe that no one can see the picture without being attracted by the homely family scenes that lighten the unfolding of the stern life story, or without being truly moved by the solemn mounting of the drama to its climax of tragedy.

Oddly, at first thought, one gets no feeling of the inevitableness of the tragedy. If the pictorial story were a romance, it could be watched with the expectation that the hero Wilson would win in the last scene. Then comes the realization that this was the actual augury until Wilson crashed physically during his last tour through the country in the autumn of 1919—that he was winning the people to him when his body faltered before he could make his workable plan for world peace clear to enough Americans.

There, indeed, the tragedy does emerge—but of the American people rather than of Wilson. He soon was gone, serene in death. The sons of the Americans who did not comprehend quickly enough grew up to have to fight and to die, as he foresaw and said they would if his generation failed to accept the duty of sharing the responsibility for an internationally concerted peace. All had to be done over again, bloodily, sacrificially, because the American people failed Wilson twenty-five years ago. That is the lesson of the Wilson life, that is the lesson of the Wilson picture today. May enough people see the picture and get its vital meaning! May it be distributed fast and far! It may help to save us from another World War—a war that civilization could not survive.

Col. Darryl Zanuck, who produced the picture, has seen battle fronts, has witnessed the destruction of war, and it cannot be doubted that he found amid these surroundings the motive for the production, and reached then the determination to project Wilson's ideals anew to a nation he sensed was ready to consider them gravely and thoughtfully. But he knew that the picture must entertain if it was to teach. He has met the double need. The picture is superb entertainment, without loss of message, or of dignity.

The film has been excellently directed, its continuity well written, and the many scenes in technicolor are vivid and yet not garish. While money may have been spent "lavishly," as the Hollywood saying goes, in the making of the picture, ostentation has been avoided, and good taste and restraint prevail. Against the prevalent color, too, the contrasting black and white historical scenes filmed in the First World War have effectiveness and realism.

About the play itself and the players in it? Well, at times history has not been followed exactly in the play, although no more license has been taken than would be permissible in pointing up a stage drama of similar

—*Fitzpatrick in* The St. Louis Post-Dispatch
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The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
DEATH DROPS DELILAH *Queena Mario* (Dutton: $2.)	Rural Conn. musicolony shocked by murder of budding contralto. Combination of pro. and amateur sleuths solve it.	Over-talky yarn with spy trimmings, some knowledgable dope on singers, and much high spirited badinage.	Minor
THE CORPSE WITHOUT A CLUE *R. A. J. Walling* (Morrow: $2.)	Anonymous corpse in London hotel and oddly missing war correspondent give Mr. Tolefree time of his life.	Typical Tolefree tantalizer—chilled steel plot, good characters, ample action, and customary tendency to run on and on.	O. K.
BLOOD UPON THE SNOW *Hilda Lawrence* (Simon & Schuster: $2.)	Elderly archaeologist, his cook, and others perish in mountain-top mansion. Private detective clears up knotty problem.	Detective posing as secretary does incisive sleuthing job. Minor characters—children and village gossips—capitally done, and yarn plentifully chilling.	Good!

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background. Where a few events have been given an imaginative treatment, care has been taken that essential truth should not be lost. The panorama of Wilson's life, from closing Princeton days to the last day of his Presidency, is complete. As for players, neither stage nor screen ever has been quite able to bring back the figures of the past and show them as they appeared to persons who saw them in their living day. Either can do only its honest best to contrive illusions of what these men and women were—illusions that sometimes take on such substance that they outlive their prototypes. "Wilson" affords no exception. Few in the long cast have a recognizable likeness to the characters whose names they bear. But what difference does it make?

Alexander Knox does not look like Wilson or talk like Wilson or act like Wilson. Yet he has absorbed the spirit of Wilson so faithfully that he gives life to his impersonation. He becomes another Wilson and that is enough, in itself. Wilson's oratorical voice had a persuasive quality, of a timbre Knox cannot match. He speaks Wilson's public words, however, with clarity, vigor, and with full grasp of their meaning; and in the family scenes he is a good-looking, affectionate, and pleasant fellow. Why he should appear to be so young in the earlier period of the drama is less understandable. Wilson was fifty-four years old in 1910 when he became Governor of New Jersey, and fifty-six years old when he was elected the twenty-eighth President of the United States in 1912. Lines were showing in his severely molded face, his hair was thinning a little, and its color beginning to fade. He looked what he was—a leader of dominant mental force. The make-up of the actor Knox might have mirrored him more closely. The advance of age, however, is delineated in the later sequences.

Wilson's entrance into New Jersey politics at the invitation of party bosses, his disavowal of them during the campaign, his election by progressives rather than partisans, and his independence as a reform Governor, are matters of history; and here the drama takes rather too much liberty with the facts. The bosses appear, it would seem unnecessarily, under fictitious names, and the role of Joseph Tumulty, Wilson's later devoted secretary, is built up out of all proportion. Yet the public will be satisfied with fictional, if not literal, truth, and historians always know where to go for the documentary details they love.

The portrayal of Wilson's first wife, Ellen Axson Wilson, by the actress Ruth Nelson, is sympathetic and natural. The better known actress, Geraldine Fitzgerald, does not fit so well to the part of the second wife, Edith Bolling Wilson. Cedric Hardwicke makes gray-bearded, uncompromising Senator Henry Cabot Lodge as distinctive a person as the Senator was. Marcel Dalio's Clemenceau looks like the Tiger. All other roles merge into the ensemble.

Woodrow Wilson rises high out of the mass of the picture, and the Wilson ideals rise with him, pervasively, thrillingly.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 60

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. The solution to Crypt No. 60 will be found in the next issue.

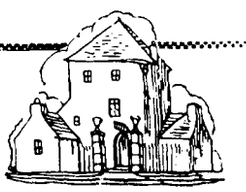
GNS GOVS JNOKN JS NRIS RG WFZ TOAHWARD SISZQ TRQ OA SDRAGOK; GNS HRAAOWXA JS PSSD SEHRXT OG, GNWAS JS OXAHOZS KWXGZRKG OG; RXT NRMOG PODDA FH JNRG ZSVROXA.

—VRZKSD HZWFAG.

—JOGNOX R MFTTOXU UXWIS.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 59

ZULU XYLOPHONISTS WOULD INTENSIFY JUNGLE CACOPHONY. —BENNETT CERF.



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The Phoenix Nest

THE following has been brewing in my mind for many a moon:

TO AN OLD FRIEND

The dear old dignified *New York Times*
Is set above the minor crimes.
Rarely if ever it deigns to mock,
And it runs long columns by Arthur Krock.

It always proves that right is right,
That black is black and white is white;
It does not like you to be flip,
And it reveres "good statesmanship."

It does not tread on other's toes.
If it disagrees, it blows its nose
And clears its throat, and says, "But see—
On the other hand—!" And you're up a tree.

The dear old dignified *New York Times,*
It frowns a bit on minor mimes.
Though it just hates *Deutschland Über Alles,*
It shakes its finger at Henry Wallace.

It says, "*Now,* Henry, mind your manners!"
It looks askance at ruddy banners,
But is *sure* there is something hale and hearty
Still about the Republican Party.

It tries to be just and it tries to be fair;
It toddles out and it takes the air—
But the moiling street where the rowdy scoff is
Blows it right back into the office!

It's the best newspaper there *is* for *news,*
But it gets the vapors when it has "views."
In fighting for the right it never pauses,
But it uses a lot of subjunctive clauses.

The dear old dignified *New York Times,*
I subscribe to it even in summer climes—
For it hates the Nazis like the very devil—
And I'm with it in wishing to end their revel.

But sometimes, against the bitter-enders,
I wish *The Times* would bust its suspenders,
Slap its hat in the ring, brush its brow of dew,
And say, "I'm very annoyed with you."

It gets cold and distant with a Communist;
But I wish that it would shake its fist
Right in the face of some gross Monopoly
And shout, "By God, now watch me topple 'ee!"

I wish it would bounce right out of its chair;
I wish it would cuss and rare and swear.
But still—come reason or come rhymes—
It's the dear old dignified *New York Times.*

O. L. Dunn of New Brunswick, N. J., writes me:

> As a regular reader of The Phoenix Nest I have seen in your column occasional appeals for information as to the authorship of poems. For years I have been haunted by a short poem of which I remember only the beginning and the ending, which are as follows:
>
> What if we wake in the dark
> After the last long sleep
> * * * * * * * *
> And, lost on some wild Azores,
> What if we wake in the dark?
>
> Everything between escapes me. Can you or your readers tell me who is the author and where I can find the entire poem?
>
> Also, what are the chances of a campaign for abrogating the rule which requires the vote of two-thirds of the Senate for the ratification of a treaty? It seems to me that all the discussion of methods for insuring a lasting peace is so much breath wasted as long as a mere handful of men can, for reasons of political jealousy or personal spite, prevent the acceptance of any instrument that may be proposed for obtaining such a peace. Our past experience with such matters indicates that the chances of ratification of any sort of treaty under the two-thirds rule are extremely slim.

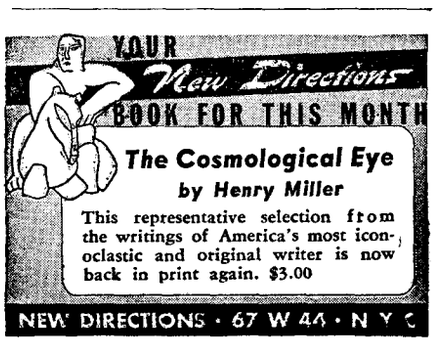
Arthur W. Bell of Falmouth, Massachusetts, takes up his theorbo to strum:

> In *The Atlantic Monthly,* for July, the one time Old Quercus resuscitates his Old Mandarin; these lines, suggested by the event, are slightly more parallel to the mood than the manner.
>
> COSMETIC DUST
>
> *Attempted Translation from the Chinese*
>
> By way of penance for an outburst of temper,
> The Old Mandarin agreed to accompany Orange Blossom
> On a shopping tour of planned extravagance.
> But, at the very first stop, was off on soliloquy.
> "Well, these are the parlors of Arden;
> Ay, now am I in Arden's; the more fool.
> In the highly rarefied realm of the upper brackets,
> Elizabeth A. continues to carry on and prosper
> Upon P. T. Barnum's basic assumption, that
> A female sucker is born every minute,
> Together with a male dupe as well.
>
> That beauty is but skin deep is proverbial,
> Today it appears to be even more super-facial.

Once, in my youth, I published and edited for two issues a little magazine called *The Chimaera,* and paid the bills. It was fun. The late Henry Martyn Hoyt, Jr., furnished such illustrations as there were, very good drawing, and I had such contribs as the late Don Marquis, Amy Lowell, Stephen Vincent Benét, Frank Ernest Hill, and others. But I folded. Now, it seems, there is a magazine, *The Chimera,* also with a different drawing of that mythical animal (I remember the first Mrs. Sinclair Lewis told me she thought the name had something to do with ladies' underwear!) and published at 265 West 11 street. You can see a copy in Brentano's. It is a literary quarterly which has now been going for two years. The summer issue came out early in July. With the next issue they're starting a series of articles on important European writers who are very little known here. Barbara Howes is the lady responsible. The hope of the editors is to introduce first-rate creative writing and criticism. They try to make each issue an artistic whole.

In closing this week, I should like to congratulate Allen Tate, the poet, on assuming editorship of the *Sewanee Review* and a special lectureship at the University of the South. And I should also like to congratulate Henry Agard Wallace as being the most stimulating person at the Democratic Convention, and "speaking out in meeting." That man is completely "un-Bossed"!

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.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ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Franklin Blake, in "The Moonstone," by Wilkie Collins.
2. Margaret, in "Faust," by Goethe.
3. Bassanio, in "The Merchant of Venice," by Shakespeare.
4. Michael Geste, in "Beau Geste," by Percival Wren.
5. Olan, in "The Good Earth," by Pearl Buck.
6. Mathilde Loisel, in "The Necklace," by Guy de Maupassant.
7. Linley, in "The Diamond Lens," by Fitz James O'Brien.
8. Sherlock Holmes, in "The Adventure of the Blue Carbuncle," by Conan Doyle.
9. D'Artagnan, in "The Three Musketeers," by Dumas.
10. The Toff (Arnold Everett Scott-Fortescue), in "A Night at an Inn," by Lord Dunsany.

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Self-Assignment to a War

ONE DAMN THING AFTER ANOTHER. By Tom Treanor. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1944. 296 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by KENDALL FOSS

ONE good way to report a global war is to get yourself a passport and start thumbing. Military accreditation is generally considered indispensable, but not by Tom Treanor, ex-Society Editor of the *Los Angeles Times*. He tried it without benefit of Public Relations and found that it paid handsome dividends. Maybe he just happened to have a talent for getting on with all kinds of people, maybe his willingness to be the little guy who didn't know any better helped, maybe the fact that he can write startlingly beautiful prose when he wants to had something to do with it.

For twenty-one months, ending last March, Treanor scrounged his way through Egypt, the Mediterranean, India, Burma, China, North Africa, and Italy. He got into the thunderous battle of El Alamein, the turning point for the Anglo-American partnership, by cadging a forbidden ride with some irresponsible New Zealanders. He got thrown out of the Middle East Theatre for his pains. He got a seat on the first bombing raid on Rome by looking forlorn. He got a hilarious first-hand account of tiger hunting in Indore second-hand, by talking an Englishman in Calcutta into telling him how it would have been, had he been able to wangle an invitation from the Maharajah.

But he was never wholly out of trouble with Army Public Relations, never quite accepted in the glamorous fraternity of correspondents because the *Los Angeles Times* had decided to have him mail his stuff instead of running up cable tolls. Freedom to spend somebody else's money lavishly is a requirement for admission to the company of the elect. Tom never minded—much—being assigned 140th priority among 140 correspondents in Algiers, because by this time he knew enough ropes to get around without priorities. Since the Army would not send him to Italy, he got the Air Force to ride him over. He wound up unofficially camping out with the 34th Division when the first push for Cassino started—the only correspondent with an eye-witness account; Public Relations had never been able to secure permission to send any high-priority men up front. Treanor's story of the roaring jumble of the fighting back and forth before Cassino is as close-up and vivid as anything written so far. Men and machines (which he does not understand at all, but vastly admires), sounds, smells, tastes, and bone-sensations come alive in his hands. He always manages to find time for the little sidelights that give you your bearings, your sense that you can start from such familiar things and progress to an understanding of the larger strangeness.

One day, on a Sicilian hilltop, Tom hired a freshly captured German prisoner to dig him a slit trench in the flinty soil. The German dug with energy; Tom directed him in the special curt tone he felt appropriate with prisoners. Then they shared the trench in silence, Tom having thoughtlessly failed in German A some years before. When German shells got close and it looked as though the counter-attack might succeed, Tom graciously offered his prisoner a cigarette. A rude G.I. in a nearby trench jeered loudly:

"You'd better be good to him. You'll probably be digging his tomorrow."

"Nothing," Treanor reports, "was closer to my mind."

Much of "One Damn Thing After Another" is the cheerful yarning of an engaging man telling his friends about his trip. But every now and then he hauls off and writes and when he does you wonder why the *Los Angeles Times* would not pay for cabling. Like this, at El Alamein:

> Such gorgeous autumn days you have never known. Each budded like a flower. There is literally nothing like the delicacy of a desert morning in the midst of war's violence, when the sun rises with startling rapidity, touching one rocky hillock after another with fragile pink . . . and suddenly the light reaches the Mediterranean, which goes instantaneously from dull slate to pale blue of purest luminosity. . . . The soldiers, going to breakfast, threw fantastically long skinny shadows, which rippled across the rocky pink ground like purple streamers in a wind.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 541)

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES:
THE BOYS

. . . . . We're twenty tonight!
. . . . . Who says we are more?
We've a trick, we young fellows, you may have been told,
Of talking (in public) as if we were old.

.....

Then here's to our boybood, its gold and its gray!
The stars of its winter, the dews of its May!

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special and intelligent clientèle; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purpose and character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence, thus also enabling an exchange of reference. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

BOOKS FOR SEAMEN: The American Merchant Marine Library needs 300,000 books in the next six months, 75,000 in New York alone. Our sailors find their only diversion and relaxation, during long and often perilous voyages, in the books supplied by this Library, and they are omnivorous readers. Last year we made up libraries for the voyages of 2198 merchant ships. Look around for good books you are through with, then write or phone Mrs. Henry Howard, American Merchant Marine Library, 45 Broadway, New York City. (Phone BOwling Green 9-0220) and don't underrate our seamen's intelligence.

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"GREEN SHADOWS," Lyme, Connecticut. No accommodations before September 6.

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WOMAN, late thirties, desires editorial position with book publishers, magazine or trade paper. On editorial staff encyclopedia. Articles on current news, botanical, religious subjects, in periodicals and newspapers. Box 957-J.

INTERESTING SECRETARY yearning for interesting position—guarantee to remain interesting and interested if work is varied and stimulating. Extensive background in personnel and public relations work. Fluent French and Italian—excellent knowledge Spanish—any bidders? Box 958-J.

AMATEUR ASTROLOGER, deploring layman's ignorance and prevalent misconceptions, believes she has feasible method of introducing and applying genuine principles of astrology for practical individual use. Inquiries welcome, particularly from those knowing dangerously little and those willing cooperate in interesting experiment. Will also exchange inspiring information, theories, and experiences. Box 959-J.

FEMININE OFFICE WORKER, fortyish, New Englander transplanted to deep South, invites correspondence with amateur artists or book-loving, sea-minded individuals. Box 960-J.

JUNIOR COLLEGE EXECUTIVE, late 30's or early 40's, to share in development small, established degree-granting junior college. Must have small amount of capital, but more important is enthusiasm for work at junior college level, executive ability, imagination, good health, and sound educational background. Box 961-J.

(Continued on page 26)

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PERSONALS

(*Continued from page 25*)

WIDOW, *fortyish, finding life circumscribed by femininity and missing masculine viewpoints, seeks correspondence on books and current affairs with intelligent, mature man.* Box 962-J.

TRANSLATOR from German required for important philosophic essays and treatises. Please state experience and publications. Box 963-J.

NURSE, alone, and lonely, wishes correspondence with western professional man over fifty, same diagnosis. Box 964-J.

SMALL MISS, twentyish, recently roundly spanked by fate, would welcome kindly, humorous letters from tall, wise, thirtyish gentleman. Box 965-J.

WANTED: new or unused copy of Peterson's *trout-fishing novel,* "No Life So Happy." Box 966-J.

ESCAPE—Aid. Native Frenchwoman, lost in Michigan, invites communication from sensible, mentally healthy man. Box 967-J.

WOULD CITY DWELLER write lonely villager? Box 968-J.

DOES THERE, o does there, exist in this broad land a young miss with flair for science, particularly astronomy, who has it in her to be a first-rate epistolary pal? Box 969-J.

PRACTICAL PUBLICITY for impractical professionals. Personalized service; confidential. Box 970-J.

DO YOU HAVE vocational suggestion for woman of fifty, younger-looking, happy disposition, good health, suddenly leaving present position? Experience includes social work, research, and personnel. Good in human relationships. Academic background excellent. Has always held interesting and well-paid positions. Wants another, preferably New York City. Box 971-J.

NEUROTIC young male recluse desires correspondence with same. Box 972-J.

GRADUATE LIBRARIAN, two years professional administrative experience as head of a public library of 11,000 vols., desires same type of position in somewhat larger library. Location important, New England states, or near New York City. Best of references. Unusually excellent background, executive ability, pleasing personality, creative interests in work. Please give details of position, including salary, in reply. Box 973-J.

VASSAR GRADUATE, elementary teacher, mother of grown children, will care for two children ages 6-8 in her Seattle home near excellent private school. References. Box 974-J.

WANTED: In or near Chicago. Furnished apartment or house for fall, winter, or longer. Box 975-J.

LOS ANGELES BACHELOR desires comfortable furnished room with private shower, bath and garage, in quiet residential quarter in Los Angeles. Reasonable monthly rent. Box 976-J.

INTELLIGENT YOUNG WOMAN, resident New York, recently secretary to ambassador's wife, seeks work calling for initiative, resourcefulness. Linguist, typist, librarian, world traveler, writer, research experience, would make self generally useful. Box 977-J.

OLD-TIME post-postal card collection wanted. Dargue, Kittanning, Pa.

WHERE ARE YE, mariners and mermaids? Nautical male, thirtieth, master of a shapely schooner, vicinity Manhasset, invites fun-loving lads and lassies interested in boats, books, theatre, to correspond with him about week-end adventures, nautical and otherwise. Box 978-J.

EDITOR needs first-rate secretary, pleasant; should have know-how around world of books and authors. Box 979-J.

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PERSONALS

AUTHOR wants small, furnished apartment, absolutely quiet, for work in East 60's or 70's (N.Y.C.). Box 980-J.

YOUNG MAN would share musings with his own gender. Box 981-J.

ST. LOUIS BLUES! Help me dispel them if you are about 40, bachelor, enjoying Muny Opera, aviation, etc. Box 982-J.

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YOUNG WOMAN, 32, university graduate, seeks interesting job, anywhere, any time. Assets: experienced in teaching, counseling, typing, reporting, features, columns, editing, and art of understanding; some knowledge of Spanish; tactful, original, venturesome, tolerant, unattached, un-hidebound, literate, articulate, quiet when necessary, loyal, gentle-hearted, dependable, unillusioned, average looking, good complexion, own teeth. Can cook, too. Liabilities: cannot play musical instruments, or milk a cow. Box 984-J.

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The Crostics Club

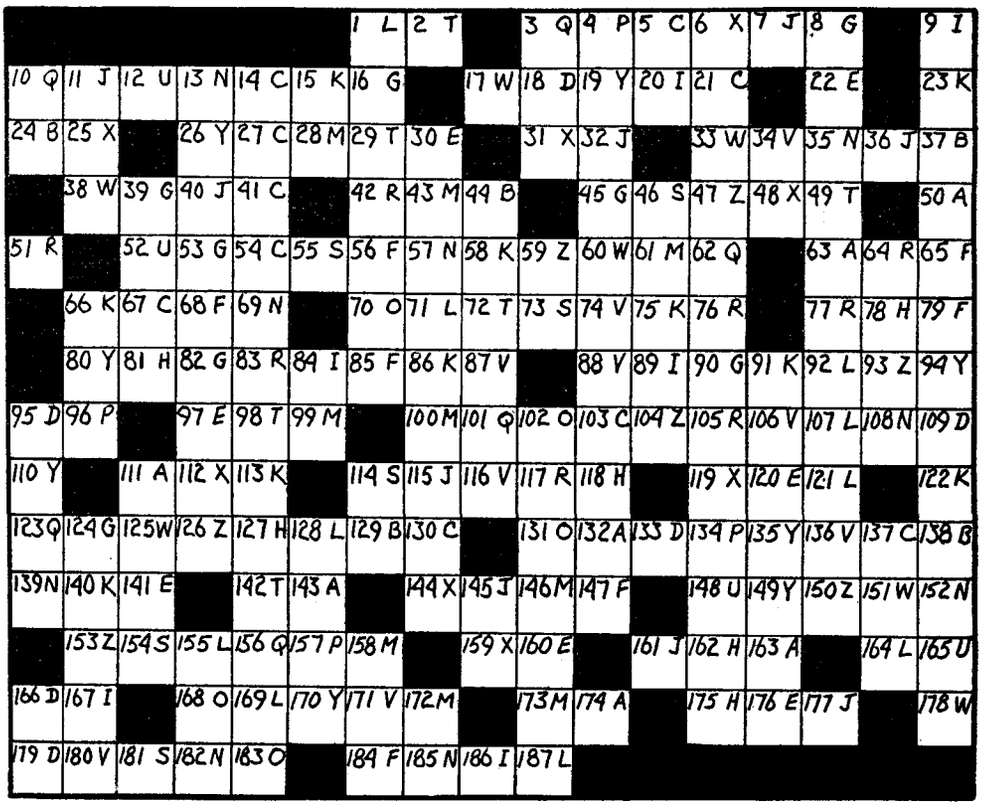
JUST because I used in a DC the term sheet writer, which caught my eye for its precious *h, w,* and *e's,* our old friend George Boissard wonders where I picked up that race-track jargon. Hence I use his comment to reiterate that, except for perhaps cookery, baseball, biology, music, and literature, my knowledge is not acquired but taken bodily from reference books. Moreover, if I had space for all of such I should like, you should be treated even to the cant of thieves, those picturesque terms I come across now and then in WNI.

Dr. Raymond Maxwell, Pasadena, records his vote for answers printed upside-down and wishes that I'd not refer in my column to words used in previous DCs as he hoards the *SRL* puzzles until he has finished the current book series and wants to read the column without receiving clews (preferable spelling though I like better *clues*). Since my column ought to be a give and take of timely experiences, yours and mine, in making and solving the DCs, and since words are an indispensable part of such and have a unique appeal, do you think his request reasonable?

And this request by Dr. Maxwell suggests that, after all, *reasonable* is a relative term and reminds me as I write of a story I read ages ago in a sister's book for kindergarten teachers. It must be familiar to many of you. As I recall it, the lark, with the freedom of the heavens in his range, was trying to comfort the caterpillar lumbering along on the confines of an earthly bit of leaf. "Just have patience," said the former, "for some day you'll be a beautiful butterfly, sipping nectar from the flowers in flight as you choose." "Nonsense!" retorted the caterpillar." "Have faith," admonished the lark. "I will," said the caterpillar, "in anything that is reasonable, but you can't convince me that flying for me is reasonable." I've forgotten where the lark was when the miracle happened.

Corporal Morford, quoted recently, who works without reference books and thanks us for the joy of rediscovering *hide nor hair, owelty,* and the subtitle of "Rasselas," hopes someday to see a surrealist DC and suggests literature from which it can be taken. If I'm to keep your general good will, it might be well to draw the line there!

Among puzzlers from whom I have heard lately for the first time are Bertha Ferguson, Alton, Ill., and Mrs. Minnie O. Williams, Indianapolis, both octogenarians; Dorothy Brandon, Crockett, Calif.; Mrs. R. F. Hammath, Chevy Chase, Md.; Grace Delano Clark, Austin, Texas, who recalls me as a young teacher; Mrs. George C. St. John, Wallingford, Conn.; Jane P. Borst, Cincinnati. E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 542

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 25 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Commander in Chief of the U. S. Fleet in its world trip, 1907.

B. "Fighting Bob" (1846-1912).

C. A French cheese, white, soft, of sweet milk without cream.

D. A pest insect among soldiers abroad in World War I.

E. Hot, southerly wind in Egypt from the Sahara; also a dust storm.

F. Utopian novel by an English author (1872).

G. The Balkan States (British).

H. Character created by Montague Glass (1910).

I. Laughed outloud and continuously.

J. Father of Alfred the Great and King of the West Saxons (died 858).

K. A coxcomb; a monkey.

L. Complete.

M. Having feeble illumination.

N. Exhaustion from lack or nonassimilation of food.

O. Anything comparatively light and worthless.

P. A Lake battle. Sept. 10, 1813.

Q. Decorous; agreeably proportioned.

R. Founder of the Sinn Fein movement.

S. Successor of Elijah.

T. The relation of husband to wife in monogamous countries (comp.)

U. Kind of low-grade sheepskin used for slippers, bookbinding, etc.

V. A branch of *statics* (Math.); well-delineated.

W. To disappear.

X. A tribe of Central African Pygmies.

Y. A kind of fudge of corn syrup with white of eggs beaten to a creamy texture.

Z. Abode of fairies.

WORDS

132	50	143	174	163	63	111			
44	129	24	138	37					
5	67	103	41	14	27	137	54	130	21
95	166	18	109	179	133				
30	176	97	141	160	22	120			
65	79	68	184	147	56	85			
16	90	39	124	8	53	45	82		
118	78	175	81	127	162				
186	84	9	89	20	167				
11	161	115	177	7	36	145	40	32	
91	58	23	66	15	75	86	122	113	140
92	1	169	155	107	128	121	164	71	187
99	172	158	100	43	173	61	28	146	
108	57	185	152	13	182	139	35	69	
102	183	131	70	168					
96	134	4	157						
3	123	101	10	156	62				
76	117	83	51	77	105	42	64		
46	73	55	114	181	154				
2	98	49	142	29	72				
12	165	148	52						
180	171	106	88	34	74	136	116	87	
178	125	151	17	60	33	38			
159	144	112	119	25	6	31	48		
149	170	19	135	80	94	26	110		
150	104	153	59	126	47	93			

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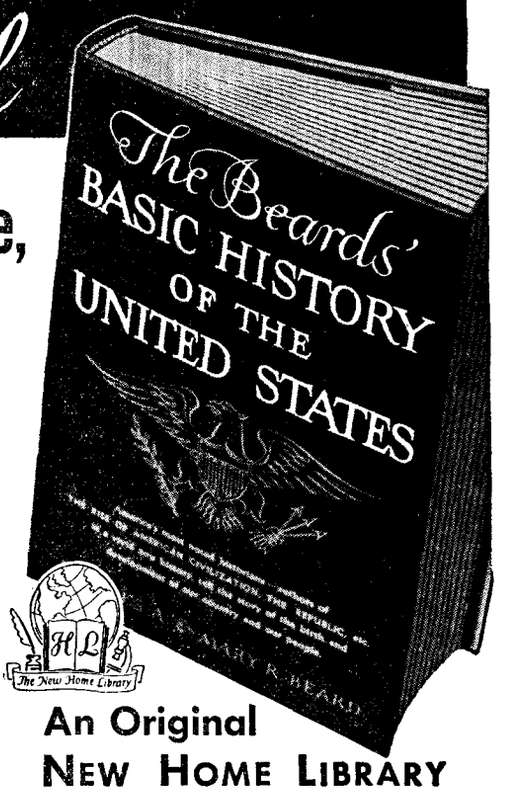

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